CHATELAINE

AUGUST · 1939
TEN CENTS

In This Issue: PUT COLOR IN YOUR LIFE *By* CAROLYN DAMON

"I'VE CERTAINLY BEEN AN IDIOT—IGNORING 'PINK TOOTH BRUSH' AND SPOILING MY SMILE!"

Protect your smile! Help your dentist keep your gums firm and your teeth sparkling with **IPANA AND MASSAGE!**

IDIOTIC? That's what I've been, idiotic! To think that morning after morning, night after night, I saw that warning tinge of "pink" on my tooth brush. Yet what did I do about it! Nothing! Absolutely nothing.

Why didn't I remember what my dentist told me! He was pretty emphatic at that, when he said, "your gums need attention as well as your teeth." I would have been smart, not dumb, if I'd only listened to him!

I'll go back and see him. And this time, nobody can stop me from taking literally every single word he says!

* * * * *

Yes, that's the smart, the sensible thing to do . . . to listen to your dentist. When you see that warning tinge of "pink" on your tooth brush—*see your dentist!* You may not be facing serious trouble but only he can tell you.

Probably, he'll say that your gums are simply lazy—that they need more work and exercise. For today's soft, creamy foods rob gums of vigorous, healthful chewing. That's why so many modern dentists often advise Ipana and gum massage.

For Ipana, with massage, is designed to help the gums as well as clean the teeth. When you brush your teeth, massage a little extra Ipana into your gums. As circulation increases in the gums, they tend to become firmer, healthier.

Protect your smile! Get a tube of economical Ipana at your druggist's today. Start now to make Ipana and massage part of your daily dental health routine. Do all you can to have brighter teeth, healthier gums . . . a lovelier, winning smile!

TRY THE NEW D.D. TOOTH BRUSH
For more effective gum massage and for more thorough cleansing, ask your druggist for the new D.D. Tooth Brush.

IPANA TOOTH PASTE

A natural partner of good things to eat

There are many attractive and easy ways to keep 'Coca-Cola' cold . . . ice-cold . . . before serving.

THE COCA-COLA COMPANY OF CANADA, LIMITED

THE SIX-BOTTLE CARTON

There's something about the sparkling tang and zest of ice-cold "Coca-Cola" that makes it a natural partner of good things to eat. With frosty bottles of "Coca-Cola" picnic time becomes refreshment time. And ice-cold "Coca-Cola" is so easy to take along.

Do You Like Your Job?

by MARGARET BROWN

EVER SINCE I started work, people (and particularly young people) have been saying to me, "Yes—but your job is so interesting."

How many people realize that the secret of success and happiness in any job is not in doing the things we are enthusiastic about—but in being enthusiastic about the things we are doing?

Ask any woman who keeps house, without a maid, what is her most monotonous job. She will probably tell you it's washing the dishes. Yet two young girls I know, in a big family, get particular pride out of the fact that they can wash and dry the dishes, and put them away, in exactly seven minutes. They've found a way to make the job interesting.

Most men will tell you that shaving is an awful chore. Yet I know of one businessman who uses that morning time to plan his day, visioning the interviews and business conquests that lie ahead. That shaving time has come to be really valuable.

The stenographer in a building contractor's office has the choice between considering her job a dull routine, or seeing herself as a part of the building program her firm is undertaking.

Perhaps there is nothing quite so monotonous as keeping a set of books. But it's not monotonous to a young man of my acquaintance, who takes particular pride in the fact that the first time he takes off his trial balance he gets it. Nine times out of twelve last year, his books were in perfect balance. Doesn't that recommend him as a good worker? I venture to say he could get himself a new job on the strength of that achievement!

Contrast this with another young man who worked in a financial institution and spent most of his time grumbling at the long hours and short pay. At the end of the month he usually did a lot of overtime, balance-hunting, and one week he figured out all the hours he'd put in and how much money he got, and discovered that it came out to twenty-nine cents an hour. Probably he gave more thought to these fancied injustices than he gave to his work. Anyway, the lad is out of the financial house and selling used cars. His pet grouch, now, is that his company has a sales meeting once a month, and some executive who is making $8,000 a year has the nerve to get up and tell him how to sell!

It's pretty easy to cultivate a critical attitude toward our jobs, and toward higher-up executives who seem to be getting pretty big pays without slaving for them. But perhaps the difference between profit and loss for an entire industry is in the hands of a $25,000-a-year man. His salary may be the price his company pays to keep him from going somewhere else to raise the profits of a competitor, whereas the laborer, or the ordinary office worker, could be duplicated many times over.

There are too many young people today criticizing those with money. If we would devote more of our attention to our own jobs, and how we can do them better, we wouldn't have time to grouse.

Any job is worth studying. Serving in a store can be made the stepping stone to a great many things. It gives you an insight into people's wants and buying habits, and teaches you the rudiments of selling practice. Many university graduates are studying

☆ *Continued on page 27*

MEN FALL IN LOVE WITH HER AT FIRST SIGHT —— *and out of love after the first dance*

***For sure protection* YOU NEED A LONG-LASTING DEODORANT**

"You need a true perspiration check that is still effective after a bath, shopping or dancing"

Dorothy Dix

Adviser to millions of women on affairs of the heart and daintiness

YOU may be so lovely all eyes turn as you walk into a room. Yet, what a short time that magnetism lasts without a *long-lasting* perspiration check to guard it!

For long-lasting daintiness you need a *long-lasting* deodorant—one that cannot wash off in a bath or fail you after one or two dances. One that still protects you after an afternoon of shopping or a fast game of tennis.

Don't make the mistake of thinking it's enough to *start out* sweet . . . that you won't perspire enough to matter. *Everyone* does! Especially when you're gay and excited—just when you're thinking least about it, and when it's most important to be appealing.

You can be sure!

It's easy enough to tell if you're offending. When you take off your dress tonight, smell the fabric at the armhole. It may explain why men lose interest after the first dance!

It will tell you more vividly than any words why women of refinement use Liquid Odorono. With complete underarm dryness, perspiration *can't* collect on your dress and shatter that illusion of loveliness. A doctor's prescription, Liquid Odorono is a true perspiration check that scientifically controls dampness, odor and staining. Liquid Odorono keeps *your underarm and your dress* completely dry from 1 to 3 days!

Simplifies daintiness!

Most women need to use Liquid Odorono only twice a week. What could be easier for the girl who wants to be *sure* of daintiness!

You can forget about underarm dampness and perspiration odor for three whole days! You need never worry about ruining frocks with unsightly perspiration stains.

Liquid Odorono comes in two strengths—Regular and Instant. Also in Ice form. Tested and approved by Good Housekeeping Bureau. The large size is more economical. Buy a large-size bottle or jar today! The Odorono Co., Ltd., Montreal, Quebec.

MADE IN CANADA

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DANDRUFF

WITH LISTERINE!

Reaches and kills Pityrosporum ovale, which causes dandruff . . . scalp becomes cleaner, fresher, healthier

Don't go around with a case of dandruff that humiliates you and disgusts others. Start using Listerine Antiseptic and massage once a day at least. Twice a day is better.

This amazingly delightful treatment has proved successful in laboratory and clinic. Countless men and women use no other.

Listerine Antiseptic, famous for 25 years as a mouth wash and gargle, succeeds so brilliantly in controlling dandruff because it gives scalp, hair, and hair follicles an antiseptic bath which removes ugly flakes and kills the queer, bottle-shaped germ (Pityrosporum ovale) which causes dandruff.

Start with Listerine Antiseptic and continue the treatments regularly. Results will delight and amaze you. No other remedy that we know of has such a clinical record of success in such a large majority of cases.

Even after dandruff has disappeared, it is wise to massage with Listerine Antiseptic at regular intervals to guard against reinfection.

Lambert Pharmacal Co., (Canada) Ltd.
Toronto, Ont.

THE TREATMENT

MEN: Douse Listerine Antiseptic on the scalp *at least once a day*. **WOMEN:** Part the hair at various places, and apply Listerine Antiseptic right along the part with a medicine dropper, to avoid wetting the hair excessively.

Always follow with vigorous and persistent massage with fingers or a good hair brush. But don't expect overnight results, because germ conditions cannot be cleared up that fast.

Genuine Listerine Antiseptic is guaranteed not to bleach the hair or affect texture.

LISTERINE

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North Bay	CFCH	Sunday	9-9:30 P.M.
Ottawa	CBO	Wednesday	7-7:30 P.M.
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The Years Between

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by UNA BUNKER

Randy was gazing at Norma, a rapt wistfulness in his face, as though searching for all his heart had ever asked.

THE THIN fringe of her lashes moist, Susie Hicks watched the torchlight flaring along the dark slope about Moffett Mine. Water lisped away through the rocks and brush from the mouth of the old abandoned side tunnel close below her, a faint raw melody beneath her straining thoughts of Randy.

"You're inviting trouble," John Blanden had warned her weeks ago, "getting into the affairs of a young hellion like Randall Moffett."

John, manager of Old Town bank on the corner across from her year-worn little millinery shop, was the shrewdest man in all the country round, she had told herself many times. But when it came to young hearts like Randy's and Norma Barr's, and even Mark Donovan's . . . when it came to grief and hope and young despair, John didn't know as much as he felt he did, sometimes.

Susie's eyes fled from the torchlight on the hill, and stared off at the big house that etched its gables against the stars high on the crest above the lights of Old Town.

Randy was born up there twenty-five years ago to beautiful, restless Belle Moffett, a sleet-blown winter night as tumultuous as his life had proved to be.

Belle had frizzed her rich auburn hair and painted her cheeks to an even more glowing hue, and some way those days it meant far more than it does today. Old Town didn't approve of Belle, sometimes; but she could do most any gay, foolhardy thing, she seemed to feel, married to the wealthy owner of Moffett Mine. A moody, handsome fellow, Belle's husband was totally unlike Randy's grandfather, hard-jawed old Randall Moffett, who had led the mine through fifty splendid years, boring one drift after another along steady producing quartz veins, stoping into fabulous pockets of leaf gold.

Susie fixed her thoughts back along the years to a day when Randy was five. He was as sweet as any child could look that sunlit day, in his little white pants and blouse trimmed with navy blue braid. He possessed the dark vital eyes of the Moffetts, and the sturdy build that both his mother and his father had given to him.

While Belle had sat before the cheval glass mirror in Susie's shop, trying on a hat laden with willow plumes, Randy pushed his new toy automobile along a trailing vine in the red plush carpet. In through the hallway to Susie's living room behind the shop and out onto the tiny verandah above the flower beds and back again, he had gone, absorbed in a faraway land of his own.

But presently Belle noticed how grubby the seat of his pants had become.

"Now see what you've done!" she stormed, jerking him upright. "When I told you to keep clean!" Her angry glance swept over Susie's slender trimness, and a flash of unbridled envy and petulance erased all the

Illustrated by Charles Bryson

NAILS IN THE NEW CUTEX CAMEO

Ten times as many women wear Cutex Polish as any other brand

PICK YOUR FAVORITE smart shade of Cutex Polish. Put it on and *wear* it! See if you're not delighted with the way it resists fading, chipping, peeling . . . the way it keeps its lustre day after day!

The new Cutex Salon Type Polish is the result of a quarter-century of research for the most durable, longest wearing nail polish modern science can devise. Now we're satisfied we've found it, and you'll be, too, the first time you wear it. Based on a new principle, heavier than regular Cutex Crème Polish, it gives days and days of added wear.

Try the three newest Cutex nail shades sponsored by four great Paris dressmakers —Lanvin, Schiaparelli, Lelong and Alix! ORCHID—deep fuchsia-rose . . . CEDARWOOD—summery mauvy-rose . . . CAMEO—fragile lavender-tinted pink.

Ask to see the whole range of stunning new Cutex Polish shades—15 in all! We think you'll agree that the new Cutex Salon Type Polish has set an all-time long-distance record for polish wear!

NORTHAM WARREN, Montreal, New York, London, Paris.

MADE IN CANADA

Day After Day it Wears Without Fading, Chipping, Peeling

A WEEK IN THE LIFE OF A BUSY WOMAN

SUNDAY: Gave myself a manicure with that wonderful new Cutex Salon Type Polish.

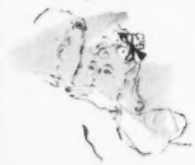
MONDAY: Drove to Janet's for tea. Chief topic: my beautiful Cutex manicure!

TUESDAY: Everyone admired the lustre of my new Cutex Polish at bridge.

WEDNESDAY: Was afraid my polish would chip playing golf, but it's still perfect.

THURSDAY: Guests for dinner. Polish still beautiful after 5 days of washing dishes.

FRIDAY: Planned to manicure my nails for the theatre, but the old one's just like new!



SATURDAY: That Cutex Salon Type Polish is still sparkling!

Seven Other Stunning New Cutex Shades to Choose from

OLD ROSE: Rich rose with a subtle overtone of purple.

HEATHER: Deeper rose with the same elusive purple cast.

LAUREL: Delicate pink with a flattering mauvy undertone.

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TULIP: A fresh, glowing red—very gay.

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I enclose 35c to help cover postage and packing of Cutex Set, including Cutex Salon Polish, Polish Remover, Oily Cuticle Remover, cotton, orangewood stick, 2 emery boards. (Check polish shade desired.) ☐ ORCHID ☐ CEDARWOOD ☐ CAMEO

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New **CUTEX** *Salon Type Polish*

families searching elsewhere for food without any hope.

Norma's censure of Randy increased as her friendship with Mark Donovan grew.

After all, why should Randy come back, Susie reflected, to a life that had given him nothing but heartache and loneliness? Money had never meant anything to him, no matter what Norma thought.

BUT THREE years after Randy graduated from college he returned to Old Town. Without a line to John, or anyone.

Susie glanced out one cloudy morning and saw the long red car purring down the rocky street into Old Town. Memory ran through her, of another red car and a small boy with dark ringlets fallen forward over his eyes.

The ringlets were clipped to the merest short brush above his temples now, and smoothed immaculately back beneath his tan felt hat. And the dark eyes in his brown face were no longer serious, but filled with ironical humor, as if he were laughing at himself for the quixotic sentiment that had brought him back to Old Town.

He looked toward the faded little millinery shop on the corner, and across the street at the bank with its iron door and shutters, built in the roaring youth of Old Town and his grandfather. Then he sped on past beneath the rusty Lombardy poplars, toward the dingy buildings of Moffett Mine and the home on the crest of the hill.

"Surely," Susie said to herself, "he won't stay out there in that boarded-up, lonely house?"

Randy didn't; in an hour he was back, asking Susie for the tiny spare room behind her millinery shop.

"It's not much, you see," she said a trifle hesitantly as he towered beside her in the doorway, humor and interest gleaming in his handsome face.

He had been used to everything so fine, and Susie's spare room, with its faded rosebud wallpaper and a ceiling almost as high as it was wide, looked like the inside of one of the hatboxes in the frayed little shop beyond. But spotless matting covered the floor, and the white ruffled curtains at the windows were tied back to give a glimpse of shady verandah and a garden crowded with bright fall flowers.

Randy strode across and sprawled down in the old walnut rocking chair beside the window. "It's all I want, Aunt Susie," he said simply, the roguish humor gone. "No one could give me more."

She glanced about to see if the marble-topped bureau was tidy, if the cretonne spread on the couch was smooth.

"The girls I've had these past years have seemed to like it," she said. Randy looked interested, and she explained: "They've come to learn how to make hats, and keep me company."

"You'll expect me to make hats for Old Town ladies?" Laughter edged into Randy's deep tones.

"No," she smiled. "But I make hats for New Town ladies, too." Pride touched her voice. "Norma Barr is coming this afternoon to try on hers, and it's as nice as any she could find in the city, if I do say it myself."

"Norma's still here?" A swift, vital something reached into Randy's eyes. He looked out over the sunlit flower beds to the poplars marching in two sleepy rows along Main Street. The restlessness in his face had turned into a driving force that carved his profile into the fine stern lines of his grandfather.

"Norma got herself a job in New Town school after she finished teacher's college and her father retired," Susie went on. "She's prettier than she ever was, too." Adding with a sly humor that brought Randy's glance: "Mark Donovan seems to think so, at least."

RANDY WAS busy putting his things away in his room when Susie heard the tinkle of the shop's screen door. She hurried in through the hall to Norma Barr.

"How's Aunt Susie?" Norma spoke in the caressing little drawl that Susie loved.

She was wearing a suit the color of brown autumn leaves, with a dainty cream-colored blouse that brought out all the warm gleaming tones of her eyes and hair. Norma always dressed so nice, Susie said to herself.

She hastened to get the hat, while Norma sat down before the cheval glass that had done service for so many years.

"Shut your eyes a minute," Susie ordered, and the long lashes closed obediently.

Carefully, just so, Susie perched the hat on the smooth coppery waves of hair. "Now, how's that?" she said.

The tiny brim of nut-brown velours rolled gracefully upward at front and side, and three ostrich tips of golden tan peeped over the opposite edge to kiss an arched eyebrow. Beneath them, Norma's brown eyes were shining, her red lips merry and half shy at the loveliness that she couldn't help but see.

"Oh, it's darling, Aunt Susie!" she laughed softly, taking up a hand mirror to get the effect of back and sides. "You're making it exactly as I wanted, only better!"

She was so sweet . . . if only Randy could see her, Susie thought with bated breath.

And abruptly, without a sound, Randy stood there in the hall doorway. Norma's laughter could call anyone, she said to herself. It was like sunlight itself. Susie lifted her eyes to speak to him, but the words paused on her lips.

For Randy was gazing at Norma, at the dancing eyes so busy with the hat in the mirror, at the firm, cleft little chin where nature had stopped deliciously short of a dimple, at the scarlet sweetness of her mouth that could flash into gaiety or as swiftly fall into brooding tenderness. Every vestige ☆ *Continued on page 18*

beauty from her face, leaving only the two splotches of paint on her high cheekbones.

"You're lucky, Susie, that you never married," she said, her breath coming hard, "and got yourself tied down with a young one!" Belle was going to a reception that afternoon, and at the last minute her hired girl had taken sick and she was compelled to bring Randy along.

"Let me keep him," Susie begged, as Randy stood, filling his hurt eyes with the shining toy. "There won't be many customers today. Do let me keep him, Belle."

So Susie had kept him that afternoon long ago, and he had helped her to forget the loneliness that Belle didn't know. He had shown her the need in his own small life.

"You play so good, Aunt Susie," he had confided when she fed him his cookie and milk a while later. He pressed into the shelter of her arm, the dark moist ringlets fallen forward over his serious, loving eyes.

In the years that followed, while he rowdied through grade and high school, none of the children growing up about her girlhood friends ever held quite the same place in her heart.

Norma Barr's father was superintendent of the mine under Randy's father, and Norma lived in the neat cottage on the highway below his home. She and Randy played with tops and marbles when Norma was eight and he was ten, and they danced at the high school proms when Norma wasn't letting him alone in punishment for some of his escapades.

Once he shut off the current in the stamp mill. "To see how it would sound without that rat-tat-tat drumming in your ears all day," Randy said. And another time he had stumbled from the mouth of the old broken side tunnel on Moffett Hill back of Susie's shop, and startled Norma half to death while she was out there picking poppies. He looked like some fantastic gnome, covered as he was with mud and blood.

"Bumped myself a little," Randy grinned when Norma brought him down to Susie's shop to wash and dress his cut cheek and hands. His dark eyes were glowing lights in his tense young face. One of the richest veins in the whole mine had pinched out at the head of that old drift, he said, and some day he was going in there and find it again.

"You stay out of that horrible hole!" Norma had lashed at him hotly, her pretty brown eyes dark with terror.

He had come through from the mine, Randy confessed, his humorous gaze slanting away from Norma's stormy face. He had wormed his way through the crumbled timbering and rock, when no one for years had risked his life doing such a thing.

"Why don't you haul ore your spare time, as Mark Donovan does, if you want to learn mining?" Norma blazed. "Instead of making all the trouble you can!"

Mark lived with his family in one of the drab miner's houses lined along the ravine below Old Town. He was in Randy's class at high school, a square, big-boned lad as good looking in his blond ruddiness as Randy's tall sinewy brilliance.

Randy kept away from the mine after that, and he began wasting his time and neglecting his studies at school.

"What can you expect," Susie thought sorrowfully, "with no discipline whatever at home?"

Randy's father liked liquor too well, and Belle had grown more restless and dissatisfied with the years. She was "a piece," Old Town frowned. And Randy, it seemed, tried to be as unmanageable as possible. Norma Barr finally refused to go anywhere with him.

But she clung to Susie's hand, choked with sympathy for Randy, the day that Belle ran away with the dashing fellow who had come out from the East to study Western mines.

Norma's father, a few days afterward, went into the mine and brought from the bottom of the shaft the broken body of Randy's father.

But Randy didn't seem to mind even his father's suicide, Susie heard the townsfolk saying. He went back to school a week later, twisting his long frame carelessly into his seat, forgetting completely, people said scandalized, the sordid tragedy that the community had been compelled to witness.

But one grey wintry afternoon when Susie walked out to Brown's farm for fresh eggs, she met Randy trudging along the road past Cemetery Hill. He was going out to Gold Ravine to hunt quartz specimens, he told her gruffly.

But she looked back once and saw him standing in the road, staring at the wooden archway marked in faded letters:

"Cypress Hill Cemetery. Rest and Repose."

Curiously, Randy stood, as though counting the lines of stones that climbed the slope to the four cypress trees that marked the plot where his grandfather lay, and now his father. Susie saw him hesitate for an instant, then stride hurriedly on in the thin sunlight. She knew then that he hadn't gone out to hunt quartz specimens. But she never told Norma. She never told anyone. Randy wouldn't have wanted her to, she knew.

Shortly after that he took his restless wildness away to college. And not once during the following four years did he ever come back to Old Town.

"BUT HE'LL come now," Susie said confidently to John Blanden the day that Randy graduated in mining engineering, "before Norma's father retires."

"He'd better," John muttered.

The mine needed retimbering and countless other repairs, Mark Donovan had complained to him, but John couldn't do anything when Randy owned the controlling stock, and remained so indifferent. Mark had climbed to assistant as Norma's father grew older and less active.

Susie sat in her rocking chair on the verandah while John smoked his pipe on the step, his grizzled brows pinched down at the troublesome responsibility of being Randy's adviser.

For Randy wanted no advice, it seemed. He wrote in answer to John's letter about coming home:

"Take what you need from the mine's earnings to replace the timbering." And with a nonchalance that darkened John's countenance with fury, added briefly: "I'm off to South America."

"He knows," John stormed, "that the mine's earnings won't pay for retimbering!"

They needed modern equipment to make any kind of profit, Mark Donovan said, the grade of ore was running so low.

Susie rocked in the twilight, remembering the words of Randy's grandfather, fighting old Randall Moffett: "It's a mountain of gold. All it needs is a man to find it."

"It needs Randy," Susie said silently, her thoughts musing over the day he had stumbled from the trickling darkness of the broken tunnel, his young body taut with burning dreams.

But he'd forgotten all that, it seemed.

"He doesn't care," Norma said tensely to Susie one day, "how much the mine runs down, after all the wealth it's brought to him!" He didn't care, it seemed, what it meant to the town to hear the stamps in the big slant-roofed mill gradually pounding less and less . . . how many men it meant were idle . . . how many

Susie felt Norma's form go rigid. "He mustn't! He can't go into the mine that way!"

Over a deep rose fine, fine wool bodice the pale blonde fastens this thrifty-waisted apricot silk skirt from Lucien Lelong . . . and all her delicate coloring is heightened and emphasized.

Dramatically simple and stirring in its color notes is the Lelong dinner gown at the far left that cleverly combines wide draperies of deep, rich purple and lightest lavender, with a violet girdle encircling a waistline worth plenty of attention.

Interesting features and a lively throat are given a highlighting by the girl below, who uses a rich white lace pattern with her black crepe to draw attention to her best points. Lace against the throat, but black and a simple neckline in the background make the face and neckline prominent. The eye follows the white and forgets any figure faults the black frock may want to mask. By Lelong.

verted person herself . . . and red is a pushing color. Recently a leading Canadian stylist was lecturing on color to a group studying personality. She found in several cases that a woman, draped in some quite flattering shade, would exclaim, "I could never bear that shade." One woman said green always made her "shrivel up." Another said blue gave her the jitters. So off they came and were banished forever.

Don't let a color into your life if it rouses your ire. That's the first thing to consider when you're choosing your wardrobe.

Generally speaking, you'll find yourself in key with the seasons. The soft greens and pastels of springtime for the first warm weather, the lush and brilliant colors of the out-of-doors for midsummer, or the white of clouds and waves and daisy petals, the rich glowing tones of autumn for fall wear, and the deep, heavier colors for warmth in wintertime. Keep your ensemble subtly changing, from season to season, to indicate your awareness to new modes and moods, and to avoid monotony. Within your own particular color range, play subtle harmonies to give freshness and variety to your wardrobe.

From the very fact that you "see red" under stress, you know that all the vivid tones of that color are aggressive, passionate, pushing. You'll want it in small doses. "Feeling blue" symbolizes the cold, spiritual quality of the tone. But it can be warmed with green or red values to impart a rich and exciting sense. The yellows are the sunny, gay shades, oranges are the cheery tones (objectionably Pollyanna-ish in large doses), greens are cool and restful, and the purple tones queenly and gracious. But they may be overpowering if donned from head to foot. Be careful of too unrelieved grey, brown or black, for they can make you feel mentally washed out in no time at all. With clever and interesting touches of color, of course, they may be the basis of the most arresting (and most practical) of wardrobes.

Wear Colors That Like You. When you've decided what colors you like, you've got to see whether or not they return the compliment by liking you. The old rules of thumb have a pretty good basis in fact. Blue for blondes; but remember, vivid blues can make you look wishy-washy, especially if you get a tone so bright that it dulls your eyes and fades your locks. And of course you'll be careful of yellows—if your hair is pale and your skin inclined to sallowness. Sometimes a clever woman can get a yellow bronze tone soft and subtle enough to make her hair look bright by contrast and, with a warm color of rouge and lipstick, show her skin to good effect. But that's for the specialists. I once saw a mannequin in a Paris model with an Antoine hairdo, whose gleaming evening gown of rich, ruddy brown seemed to highlight the lovely tints in her chestnut hair and the sparkling brown of her eyes. But that, you may be sure, was art at its zenith.

I knew an ash blonde who was so delicate in coloring that she could have looked drab and lifeless by a single heightening of color in her frocks. But she chose to wear all the softest colors in greyed tones. Fady blues and old roses and dusty mauves . . . and she looked Dresden China-ish and lovely. There's an ☆ *Continued on page 27*

Vivid is the word for this devastating brunnette in her singing wine-toned sport frock electrified with chalk blue striping, and complemented by the blue flannel jacket in deeper tones, and a pocket insignia with Royal blue and scarlet. It's a Lucien Lelong gesture to the colorful life.

PUT *Color* IN YOUR LIFE

by CAROLYN DAMON

For she who is drab is today's lost woman... wandering unnoticed in a world of radiant and vital tone combinations... the best of which can work wonders for every type of femininity

IF SOMEONE refers to you as "a nice little thing," you have every right to sue him. Better still, punch him on the nose. Then shut yourself in your room, look in the mirror and face the fact that you've been ticketed as "drab" and "colorless." For that's what it amounts to.

You don't need to be. You can flame like a hibiscus blossom, or glow steadily like an evening star, if you know how to bring out the hidden and all too elusive gleams in your personality. And if there aren't any there, get busy with your color chart and do a little lily painting.

Being "colorful" doesn't necessarily mean trying to outsmart the rainbow. It may be achieved through wearing black or misty grey, and just letting your own sweet self emerge. Because if you're florid and flame out in magenta, or are one of those bouncing, buxom females and fall for varicolored gypsy regalia, you may mask your true beauty as thoroughly as the sallow girl who wears saffron yellow, or the parchment-skinned matron who does a fade-out in brown.

The colors you wear must make you feel happy, within yourself. They must bring out your good points, camouflage your skin sins and feature frailties, and do the right thing by your eyes. And they must conform to each other. If, as a sideline, you can achieve something really striking by way of unusual combinations or contrasts, you're out of the ranks and into the personality-plus class. When you do all this and still wear the colors Schiaparelli and Lanvin are featuring for the season just ahead, you're a five-star Fashion First.

Wear the Colors You Like. Very few of us are happy about the whole chromatic scale. Maybe you have a hate on for blue, and whether it's been a subconscious phobia ever since a blue-eyed fellow kindergartner threw mud pies at you, or is just a mental hazard, don't wear it. Even if you're a peaches and cream blonde. Because you won't look your best. Almost everyone has some pet aversion or secret passion for one of the colors. A very smart girl told me the other day she wasn't really hitting on all sixes unless she had a touch of red somewhere about her person. She is clever enough to keep it down to a bag or posy, or even just a vivid clip, though, because she's a pretty extro-

"Well, mamma," he said, "I forgot to tell you tonight is the dinner for the city buyers. I got a real idea—going to sell 'em the notion of packaging moth flakes with tulip bulbs!"

Paul snickered. "You know, pop, we got a coupla profs ought to be packaged with moth flakes too!"

Tom flushed. The moth-ball business was no joke to him. "We got to dress up, mamma," he said, ignoring Paul.

Caroline was rinsing the coffeepot. "Tom, I just can't go!"

"Well, why not? What's the matter? This is the most important—"

There her eyes were filling with tears again. "All those gay young wives," she said bitterly, "and their new clothes—and—"

Tom looked furious. "I told you you could get a dress!"

"Well, I haven't had time. I haven't even had a wave in my hair for months," said Caroline, distracted now. "And I won't be a laughingstock for those slim smart women. I just won't, that's all there is to it. They can live in beauty parlors, but I can't."

Tom pushed back his cup. "How'll I look turning up at the hotel without my wife?" he asked violently. "What will the fellows think? Look here, get a new dress for goodness sake, it won't matter what it is. Nobody will notice what you have on."

She broke a fingernail on the faucet. "No, I suppose not."

But Tom wasn't used to sarcasm. He went on helpfully, "You can sit next to old Mrs. Williams, she's fat and homely enough to stop the clock."

She felt the red pour over her face. She and old Mrs. Williams! She said savagely, "No use talking, I'm going to stay right home."

Tom stood up and spoke stiffly. "Of course if my business means nothing to you, and if you want me to go alone and have everybody ask—"

Caroline said, "Tell them I've caught malaria from the mosquitoes in the pond you never get around to draining."

Paul said, "Ought to spread moth flakes all over the yard, smell of them would kill a horse."

"When you get in the business," said Tom angrily, "you won't be so full of wisecracks."

"Oh, I'm not going to spend my life among the larvae," said Paul lightly. "I'm gonna have a swing band."

Caroline spoke sharply. She couldn't stand this bickering. "Paul, you're late. Billy, go on now! Hurry up, go along. Wash your hands this minute. Marian, you'll have to come home early and set the table for supper."

"But mamma," Marian was tragic, "I simply can't! I absolutely promised I'd go canoeing, and how can I go back on an absolute promise?"

"You come home and help your mother," said Tom.

"Okey-doke," said Billy, allowing one or two drops of water to fall on his hands, and gingerly dabbing them off with a clean dish towel. "Bye, mom!" He bumbled through the door, knocking a plate from the table, whacking a chair leg, finally cracking his pate on the door itself.

Marian looked after him through narrowed hazel eyes. "I don't see why you can't do something with Billy. Going to school looking like that! I'm ashamed to meet him on the street. He hasn't combed his hair."

Caroline said, "Well, Marian, his hair just seems to grow in all directions at once. It's not all his fault."

"You always stick up for him," commented Marian. "The way you spoil that child!"

"Lay off the old razzle dazzle," advised Paul. "C'n I have the car today?"

"No," said Tom. "I just happen to need it myself. Just this one day out of the whole month. I don't want to walk my buyers' legs off."

"I ought to have a car of my own," began Paul.

The phone rang. It was the vacuum cleaner man, he would be out today to fix the brushes. Marian and Paul banged out and Tom flipped through the mail. "One for you, mamma." He tossed it at her.

Her fingers shook as she picked it up. But it was only a chance to contribute to Blue Mountain Orphanage. She was relieved, and yet she felt as flat as the envelope.

Tom said, "We're going to be at the hotel all afternoon. I'll have to bring a couple of my most important buyers to dinner anyway. You wouldn't have to fuss much. Just fry up a few chickens and bake one of those five-layer cakes with cream frosting. Needn't bother to make salad." Tom didn't like salad.

Caroline said, "I'll try to get the place organized for you to bring a couple over for an hour or so in the afternoon. No dinner."

"Well," said Tom, "I suppose this is some kind of ultimatum. But I shouldn't think a dress was so almighty important—"

She turned away from him. She had a vision of the buyers' wives fluttering in, sleek and smooth and smart. She saw her reddened hands, her falling hair.

Tom said, "If you should change your mind I could always—"

'You'll be late," said Caroline with set lips.

THE HOUSE stilled like an empty battlefield. She poured a cup of black coffee and tried to plan the day. Budgeting her time, the articles called it. But she never could allow for the extras. The vacuum giving out, and the sink stopping up at ten on a busy washday.

For an instant she imagined herself willowy again, distinctive in silver foxes and velvet.

The only plan I seem able to follow, she told herself, is to keep going as hard as I can all day long.

Here was Tom wanting a dinner party just the week that the maid-of-all-work was taking her vacation. Mrs. Snell, who was to wash, had called at seven to say her youngest had a sore throat and she couldn't come anyways until noon. If Mis' Benton would put the things to soak—

Caroline took a flying view of the house. No time to do anything but slick it up. Billy had skidded into the floor lamp and the shade was smashed. Console mirror cracked. That itemized the living room. She'd have to run downtown and get a shade, at least. An hour, even if she took the first shade she found and it was too long.

She washed the dishes, called the butcher for the chicken for Sunday, hurried upstairs to make beds, clean the bathroom, hide Billy's spiders. Unfortunately all the front curtains were in the wash, and the house had an open-lidded look. She decided to go ahead with the curtains, Snell or no Snell.

But in her own room, she went to the bureau and got out the letter. The sight of the handwriting pierced her again with the sharp suffocating sensation. She could feel the color come up over her cheekbones. She sat down, her knees creaking as always with her arthritis, and opened the letter. He had signed it Ricky. The note was formal enough, brief, precise. He was making his first trip to the West in twenty years and there was a possibility that he would stop over in Portage. If so, he would like to call.

I never expected to see him again, she said. I never expected to see him again. Under her firm thumb, the R of Ricky smudged slightly. She got up and laid the letter back in the drawer beside her cameo brooch. Then she looked at herself in the mirror, the top of her mind still able to think that she ought to dust that mirror.

I haven't looked at myself, really, in years, she thought with surprise. Fixing my hair to suit Marian, putting on hats that suit Tom, powdering my face in a rush because Paul or Billy want me to get them something. She stared at the image, her square firm hands on the edge of the dresser scarf.

I've let myself go. I couldn't be a romantic figure to anybody. I'm middle-aged, and colorless. Ordinary. I don't look as if I had led a secret glamorous life. Her brown eyes, brown neat hair, competent mouth—nothing there to suggest the girl she had been. Even if I were thin as a shad, she thought miserably, nobody would know I was Caroline Winter.

Standing back far enough, she could see her whole figure. It would be a losing battle against weight anyhow; she was born with the deep strong Winter frame that amplified itself at thirty-eight. If I could afford to starve, she reflected, or go to one of those cures—for an instant she imaged herself willowy again, distinctive in silver foxes and velvet. But she always got a bad head cold when she dieted, or felt so weak she couldn't keep up with the children.

She never had time to do those smart morning exercises. She had to get vitamins into her family instead, and mend a snag in Marian's hose, or find Tom's only good blue tie. So many other things were more important to her family than her figure. In fact, her figure mattered to nobody, she thought grimly.

Going to the window, she looked down at the lawn, conscious that she hadn't a minute to waste, and yet wasting one. Dark leaves were whirling down, the barberry hedge glittered with red frosty berries. The sky had the soft indefinite color of late autumn. And she thought fiercely, I can't see Ricky. I can't. Suppose he's remembered me all these years as I've remembered him, a part of youth, a—oh a kind of loveliness. I can't bear it, I can't bear it. But of course he won't come anyway.

If he writes that he is coming, I'll not be here. I'll go up to the cabin with Tom and sit in a leaky rowboat while he casts. The children can get along a day or two.

In the laundry, swishing the curtains in the washer, she thought, They fade so. Everything fades. You have to keep things put away if you don't want them to fade. The way I've kept the memory of Ricky. Ricky at seventeen, long and slim and burned dark gold from the sun. Even his lashes were wheat colored over his curiously grave sea blue eyes.

He had tried to teach her to play tennis. Hot sand on the court. Caroline in a yellow dress, a ribbon tied around her hair. Ricky's face a blur of gold over the ragged net. Ricky's voice, rough and tender, "You'll never learn to play net. I've told you and told you—"

"It's because I'm farsighted, Ricky. I hate things too close. I have to lean back."

"Well," he said reasonably, "I suppose I'm just wasting my time."

Caroline jerked her wet Continued on page 22

The stranger held out his hand. "Hello, Caroline," he said. "I just took a chance on finding you at home."

What could be worse than having the man you might have married come back--when you are middle-aged, fat and dull?

by GLADYS TABER

Illustrated by Kay Avery

THE LETTER was hidden in her drawer. I won't think of it again, she said. Whatever would anyone say if they knew I kept reading that letter? She shook her head at herself. Looking at her face in the mirror, Caroline suddenly felt the sting of tears. Oh, it would be better if he never came, wouldn't it? The way I look! The way I am! No, it is too terrible a thing to lose the last few illusions one has held against the dragging years!

"Billy, tie your shoestrings!" The remark was automatic as her youngest son pounded after her to the kitchen.

"Okey-doke," responded Billy lightly. He already had a doughnut, he dropped it, scrambled under the table. He spent half his time on all fours, like a retrieving puppy.

"Did you have to wear pants with two holes?"

"Okey-doke," Billy answered from under the stove.

It was eight-twenty, but nobody could hurry Billy. He lifted his blunt engaging face, waved a grimy hand. Caroline assembled breakfast.

Marian appeared, looking tight as a bean in her green wool sheath. Her fresh lovely face was heavy with lipstick, rouge, eye shadow. "Mamma!" She came in dramatically. "You'll have to do something about Billy! You'll have to!"

Caroline smiled faintly. Doing something about Billy—well, who could? "What's he done this time?"

"Oh, the bathroom! Even a pig," said Marian, "wouldn't leave so much dirt."

"Flat Foot floogie with a floy—FLOY!" Billy retorted.

"And he's left his old dead spiders on the bathroom shelf," went on Marian. "You'll just have to do something—" And she added over her orange juice, "You never let me do things like that when I was his age."

"You wanted rabbits in your bedroom," Caroline reminded her mildly. "Dead spiders don't stir things up as much as live rabbits."

They ate breakfast like this, always. There must be families, Caroline supposed, where children and parents gathered trim and bright around a spotless table and chatted amiably before beginning the day. But she had never happened to see one.

Paul came in, now. Paul was at the age considered difficult by most child experts, though Caroline thought all the ages were difficult at times. He played the saxophone and spoke the language of jitterbugs more fluently than he translated "Les Misérables." Also he was on the football team and had what he referred to as woman trouble. There was the Penney girl—

Caroline fixed Paul's plate. Three eggs, six slices of grilled bacon, muffins, marmalade. Marian, done with her orange juice and milk, waved aside all solid nourishment.

Paul said, amiably, "If you don't quit starving, you'll have to live in a test tube."

Marian favored him with a cold glance. "If I weighed as much as Gimp Penney, I would worry."

"You shut up," Paul shouted.

Tom came in, gave Caroline the rapid peck that passed for a kiss. "I can hear the kids wrangling even with the door shut," he observed, just as if it were her fault. His big solid figure filled the breakfast nook. He looked like a firm solid businessman, and he was. His heart and soul were in the moth-ball business, he was Rotary president and on the school board. But for all that, they weren't yet able to keep two cars or go in for any extras. You could spend a good deal of money getting children's teeth straightened, having scarlet fever and sending for specialists to make pictures of Billy's little hollow chest.

CAROLINE TRIED to hurry breakfast. She was tired, and her head ached, and the day ahead would be full. And maybe that letter made her feel old and dowdy and hopeless. What have I done with my life? she thought dismally, pouring Tom's third cup of coffee.

Associated Screen News

Thousands upon thousands of cameras clicked in the hands of young enthusiasts.

Associated Screen News

A weary reporter on the pilot train snatches a few moments relaxation.

even this was minimized by a number of factors. Their Majesties' staff was very capable and took much of the burden from the King's and the Queen's shoulders. Their Majesties' training and experience enabled them to carry on conversations with strange (perhaps, unfamiliar, would be a more polite word) people without too great difficulty. The details of all programs had been carefully worked out long in advance so that Their Majesties were under no stress through worrying over what was coming next. The trip was not an easy one, but for comparatively young people in good health, buoyed up by the amazing demonstrations of enthusiasm and affection with which they were constantly greeted, neither was it the purgatory that some commentators have described. In fact, Their Majesties were in better health when they left Canada than they were when they arrived.

Is the Queen really beautiful?

Critically examined, Her Majesty's features do not perhaps conform to the highest standards of classical beauty, but her complexion is so lovely and her expression so charming that few persons would deny that she is truly beautiful. Her vividly blue eyes, of course, add immensely to her charm, and are the features most frequently remembered and commented upon by those who have had the privilege of seeing Her Majesty at close range.

Is the old impediment in His Majesty's speech still a handicap in ordinary private conversation?

Very seldom indeed. Occasionally a brief hesitation may be noticed, but it would be unlikely to attract the attention of a listener who was not aware of the difficulties His Majesty has overcome.

Is it true that the Queen drinks her toasts in water?

It was true in Prince Edward Island where, in accordance with the law, no wine was served! Elsewhere the Queen follows the usual custom. Champagne is the Queen's favorite wine. Any effort to make prohibition capital by citing Their Majesties' practice—as has been done by at least one prominent Canadian woman—is the result of misinformation. Their Majesties use wine (and in the case of the King, spirits) rationally and in moderation, but they are not teetotallers either in sympathy or practice.

Is it true that the King and Queen, at the meals given in their honor, left most of the courses untouched?

No. Their Majesties wisely did not try to eat everything placed before them, but they ate quite as much as any normal person would be likely to do. Many of the meals were so long, and were comprised of so many courses, that no ordinary human being could possibly have eaten everything served to him. The Ottawa Committee is reported to have warned the various cities against these elaborate banquets, but, in many cases, the warning apparently went unheeded. The Committee also informed the local organizations that Their Majesties do not like lemon, soup, cocktails, salmon and capers. These items—except the soup—were omitted from most menus.

How did the Queen keep her hair in such perfect wave?

Her personal hairdresser, an Englishman named Powell, travelled on the Royal Train. Incidentally, Mr. Powell became the first casualty on the trip when the berth above him, containing the 250-pound barber (Mr. "Red" Tasse of the Chateau Laurier) collapsed. In spite of a number of nasty cuts and a beautiful "shiner," Mr. Powell was able to carry on his duties.

Did the two Ladies-in-Waiting on the Queen dress as beautifully as Her Majesty?

No. Their clothes were typically English, except for full dress evening costumes.

What was the King's own preference in clothes?

His Majesty would have worn a lounge suit on all occasions if it had been a matter of personal preference. He wore other clothes, including uniforms, because they were appropriate or because the local authorities asked him to do so. While on the Royal Train, Their Majesties did not even dress for dinner.

Was the Royal Train really as luxurious as has been suggested by some correspondents?

The Royal Train consisted, for the most part, of private cars supplied by the Governor-General or by the presidents of the two railways. The Governor-General's two cars were redecorated, the others merely cleaned and restocked. Few structural changes were made. The Train was comfortable, but not luxurious as luxury is known to the devotees of films from Hollywood. There were no gold plated bathtubs. Some of the Canadian Officials lived ☆ *Continued on page 34*

The voices of radio commentators and the filming of all the important events, made the Tour a very real experience for everyone.

Associated Screen News

Which were the most dramatic receptions? Which events were handled with the most imagination? What widely circulated stories have no basis in fact? Is the Queen really beautiful? What was the King's own preference in clothes? Here are the answers.

The King and Queen greet thousands of their subjects in Toronto.

Associated Screen News

Associated Screen News

The Queen's intense interest in all that she saw and heard was noted by commentators.

WHAT EVERYONE WANTS TO KNOW!

One group in the Maritimes climbed the roof for a better view. Below: they watch the Trooping of the Color, in Ottawa.

Associated Screen News

Editor's Note: Few people had a better opportunity to learn the inside story of the Royal Tour than the writer of this article, whose identity, for obvious reasons, must remain anonymous. He travelled every mile of the triumphant Tour on the Royal Train, and had a unique opportunity to see what transpired. Now he looks back on the historic event as a whole, and answers for you the questions everyone is asking him.

IF THE experience of Canadians who travelled on the Royal Train or on the Pilot Train offers a good criterion, there is still a very lively interest in details and incidents of Their Majesties' visit to Canada. Since the *Empress of Britain* sailed from Halifax on the fifteenth of June, the Canadians who were privileged to participate in the Royal Tour have been bombarded with questions by people who want to learn "the real truth."

Apparently most of the accounts of the Visit which were published in the daily press were written in a somewhat emotional style, and refrained so consistently from the use of anything less than superlatives, that readers became somewhat confused and, in the end, were almost unable to distinguish between one day and the next, between the events in Ottawa and the events in Calgary, or Hamilton, or Halifax. The whole Visit would seem to have become fused into an unvarying record of almost hysterical enthusiasm, in the reporting of which many interesting and significant details were buried in the adjectival avalanche.

The object of this article is to try to answer some of the questions that are most frequently asked, and to distinguish what seemed, to the author, as one more or less unprejudiced observer, to be the high lights—and perhaps in one or two cases the low lights—of the Tour.

First, the questions. These fall into two general categories, namely—personal questions about Their Majesties and general questions about the Royal program and its execution. Set forth below the reader will find a number of the questions which are most frequently asked and answers which represent what the author conceives to be the truth. In some cases the answers are matters of opinion rather than fact, and in these instances the reader is advised to accept them with reservations. In every case, however, they constitute an honest attempt to represent the truth.

Were Their Majesties really worn out by the trip?

No. The burden on the King and Queen was not, primarily at least, physical. Living conditions on the Royal Train did not constitute any great hardship. The food was excellent, the living and sleeping quarters very comfortable. The Train stopped almost every night so that sleep was undisturbed. Brief opportunities were given for exercise in the form of walking. The real strain was nervous, and this, of course, produced a physical reaction. But

Why he came to the mountains, they could not tell. But a strange and cruel mystery set him apart

Illustrated by Ralph Lawson

frowned like that at the blue-eyed pride of the O'Haras, and she stepped back, startled. At the momentary silence, he must have felt some explanation was necessary.

"It was nervous trouble. Overwork."

"Good lord." Terence whistled. Terence worked on the tracks, and did not know the meaning of physical tiredness. "What sort of work?" It was kindly meant, but Douglas stiffened.

"Mental work." His manner was forbidding. The young O'Haras exchanged glances and looked at Douglas more closely. They saw a boy, slender and handsome, with dark reddish brown hair rising in crisp waves from a pale face. They saw dark unsmiling eyes and lips tight in a sullen line. In that moment one could feel the ebb of enthusiasm and the slow rise of doubt.

"Get along with you all." Mrs. O'Hara pushed them aside. "The lad's tired, and needs rest, that's all. Eileen, fix him up something at once."

Douglas looked at Mrs. O'Hara as if he knew she was a woman who stood a lot, but never downright rudeness. "Yes, I'm tired." He closed his eyes, as if to exclude conversation and to prove the point. When he opened them, Eileen stood before him with a tray. She was watching him with wide, wondering eyes—in a grave, intent manner that she had. Douglas sat up straight.

"What do you want?" he said abruptly. By his manner, she might have been some evil spirit.

Eileen may have been a sweet-natured child—she was seventeen—but for all that, fire flashed in her eyes. She pushed the tray into his hands. "It's not what *I* want. This is yours!" she said fiercely, and left him. Terence followed her to the kitchen.

"Whew!" he said. "Looks like we've got the spoiled son of the idle rich on our hands. What fun."

Eileen stood in the middle of the floor and drew a deep breath. "I hate him," she said. Her tone was so surprising that Terence seemed amazed.

"Oh, I guess he *is* tired," he said more reasonably. "You can't go hating a guy at first sight."

"I can." That was when her voice dropped to a slow strange note—as if there were something she knew, but could not understand. "I hate him—because he hates me!"

That sounded so absurd that Terence laughed. Yet in his laughter was a breath of uneasiness. For when evil humors do creep into a house, they act on one and all.

AT FIRST they did their best to excuse Douglas. They tried to say his lack of interest was due to weakness, and subsequent low spirits. That did not wholly rexplain his aloofness. Terry's own "spoiled son of the idle rich" probably came closer. He sat with book in hand during the daytime, while the children struggled with Government correspondence schooling, and he must have heard them argue over questions he should and could have clearly answered. He pleaded tiredness when they went for excursions in the woods—yet absented himself for hours at a time, and on his return showed signs of having walked miles. He refused to join in their simple evening games, or groups about the old piano. Naturally enough, they grew resentful, and so noisy it would have been distraction to a well man. The elder O'Haras tried to hush them constantly. After all, they had agreed to look after this boy, and they must keep up their bargain. Even if he smoked until the hearth was full of cigarette ends, and would not look at their beloved children, they had to do their best. Once, under cover of an unquenchable din, Mrs. O'Hara went over and sat on a low stool by his chair.

"Douglas, are you homesick?" she asked outright.

Douglas looked up, and he showed signs of genuine surprise. "Good lord, no. I've always been away at schools."

She nodded. Her fine dark eyes did not leave his face. "You find this . . . very different to your own sort of life."

Douglas frowned, as if he could not understand where she was leading him. "Well, naturally." That was an unvarnished statement. The frown deepened then, for the twins, Mollie and Brian, had come close, to lean over their mother's shoulder and listen.

"What is your sort of life?" Mollie asked. She had given up asking questions on her own, but was still brightly enquiring with support.

"I go—I went to college." He said that so reluctantly that Brian was spurred to sinister demand.

"Were you expelled?" he asked with great interest.

Mrs. O'Hara slapped him down. "Hush, will you!" It came simultaneously with Douglas' curt "No."

"Don't mind them," she said. "They don't mean a word they say."

"I do," said Mollie, "I want to know what was your sort of life. What did you do in the evenings?"

Douglas threw away his cigarette and pulled out another. "Oh—dancing and things." He did not look at her. For that reason he was unprepared for the ecstatic look that crossed her face.

"Dancing! Eileen, listen!" She rushed across to the piano. "Eileen, Douglas can dance. Eileen wants to dance. Maybe he'll teach you."

Eileen swung around on the piano stool. She wore a short blue dress, and with her black, almost straight hair, she looked scarcely fourteen. Except for her eyes.

"I don't want him to. And . . . he wouldn't, anyway!" she said clearly and distinctly.

It was probably not meant as a challenge. Eileen was not that sort of a girl. But suddenly Douglas sprang to his feet. "Who said I wouldn't!" He crossed to the piano and took her arm. "Can anyone around here play a waltz?"

"Sure," said Terry, and sat down.

Douglas took Eileen's hand. "Now look," he said. At first Eileen was stiff with unnatural shyness and the defiance Douglas' attitude had brought. But gradually she lost that in genuine interest and desire to learn. It was easy to see, by the way Douglas held her, that he had held girls often in his arms—and easy to see all his natural grace and rhythm. Eileen was quick to learn, and in a grave, quietly spoken way, he led her from step to step. Terry had a way with the piano too, and when he swung into something soft and dreamy, Douglas followed. The others watched, spellbound. They saw how Douglas looked down at Eileen, the tiny approving smile that touched his lips. All the defiance left her face as she smiled back. There was something about Eileen when she smiled that lit her face to radiance. But they saw a change come over Douglas—as if Eileen's smile had frozen him completely. His face grew red—and with scarcely another turn, he led her to a chair.

"You'll be tired," he said, and without any further comment left the room.

Terry sprang up and went to the window. "He's gone outside!" He shook his head. "Now what exactly does ail that fool? I wonder if he's got girl trouble on his mind, and Eileen makes him think of it."

Eileen sat down. Her face was aflame with more than exertion. "I'd never remind him of any girls he knew," she said flatly. "I'm too clumsy for him, that's all."

"Nonsense," replied her mother briskly. "He needs a box on the ear—but you weren't the one to blame. It's more than that."

"He's an ill-mannered oaf." Mr. O'Hara's handsome face had darkened.

THAT NIGHT the air was heavy with resentment, for although Eileen said no more, it was plain it had gone deep. Douglas must have felt the lingering resentment next morning, for he went off to the woods and stayed away all day. He did not come back until after five, and by then Terry was waiting for him on the verandah, with a grim look about his young face. "What's kept you?" he asked abruptly.

"Sorry if I missed lunch." Douglas nodded casually at the other young O'Haras, grouped near their brother. He did not even notice that their expressions were oddly expectant and grave. "I went farther than I realized."

"Never mind lunch." Terry dismissed that. "You went down the tracks and up Big Pine Hill." It was a statement, and yet definitely demanded answer.

"I went up some hill." Douglas would have gone into the house, but Terence blocked him. "I saw you go, from where we were working. I suppose, as usual, you smoked."

Douglas' lips tightened. "And suppose I did?"

"Did you break every match, and crush out every butt?"

"Look here, what's the idea?" Perhaps with reason, Douglas stiffened.

"The idea is this." Terry spoke deliberately. "You started up a fire."

"How could I?"

"How could you, with the woods as dry as they are this fall? Don't be dumb."

Douglas still looked incredulous. "Where is the fire? Is it still going?"

Continued on next page

Life Sentence

by BERYL GRAY

THERE'S a reason for everything, some say, and even the worst of us are capable of infinite good; but for a long time it was difficult to see the reason why Douglas Lee was sent to the O'Haras of Hunter Creek, to stir up hatred and suspicion in a house that had known only harmony.

"I hate him!" Eileen O'Hara said it with flashing eyes. "I hate him—because he hates me." Which summed up the situation.

Casually speaking, the circumstances sounded ideal. A sick boy sent out West to regain health in a remote, wildly beautiful railway section. A great rambling house between tall mountains, built through heaven knows what folly or unfulfilled vision of an early pioneer. And as carefree, lovable a family of blue Irish eyes and laughing voices as you could find. As the O'Haras themselves frankly put it—since the Company paid half the hospitalization anyway, why shouldn't they make the effort to raise a family in a land so free and open? The result—a round half dozen—gave them no chance to call life a monotony.

Why Douglas Lee was sent, was just one of those things that happen. Once, two years before, a train had been derailed by slides, and there had been a Company official from the East on board. He had spent a night with the O'Haras, and had been visibly impressed with the vivacity and charm of the whole family. He had said something about the folly of only sons and over-indulgent parents, and had let it go at that. Now came letter from that man. His son, nineteen years old, had been ill and needed rest. He could think of no place where he would rather send him. The O'Haras were amazed in turn, and excited. They would have sheltered half a dozen sick boys gladly, if they could, let alone one, for the consideration offered. For days there was a bustle and a preparation.

Douglas Lee came by night, and descended from the train onto a bare stretch of ground. He saw nothing of the beauty of the thickly wooded slopes. He saw nothing but a huge, gaunt house lighted by gasoline vapor lamps, and a sea of staring faces as he entered. He came into a tall, rough board room, softened by the glow of firelight. It was a room beautiful in the eyes of the O'Haras by association, by the fur rugs on the floor, the heads and horns of trophies of the wilds, and the shelves of well-worn books. To Douglas, at that time, it could not have been beautiful, and the bright, enquiring faces must have seemed the final touch in a world he had no wish to enter.

"My family," Derrick O'Hara said proudly. He carried his position of section foreman with the unconscious dignity of a man who could face the world. He was a fine figure of a man, with scarcely a grey hair in his black, curly head. "Mrs. O'Hara." He motioned to a woman, tall and brown, with a thin, splendid face, and black hair closely cropped. "Terence, my eldest." A tall lad, perhaps twenty, nodded pleasantly. "Mollie and Brian, twins." A lively pair, fifteen or so, spoke a bright "Hello." "Patrick, twelve, and our baby Sheila, ten. And where's Eileen?" He looked as if something vitally necessary were missing.

"Here, dad." A girl ran in from a back room. She wore a bright yellow jersey over a short brown skirt. Her hair was soft and black, barely wavy, about a clear pale face. Probably to Douglas just then she seemed plain. Perhaps she was plain, but no one in her family had ever thought of it. She came straight to Douglas and held out her hand.

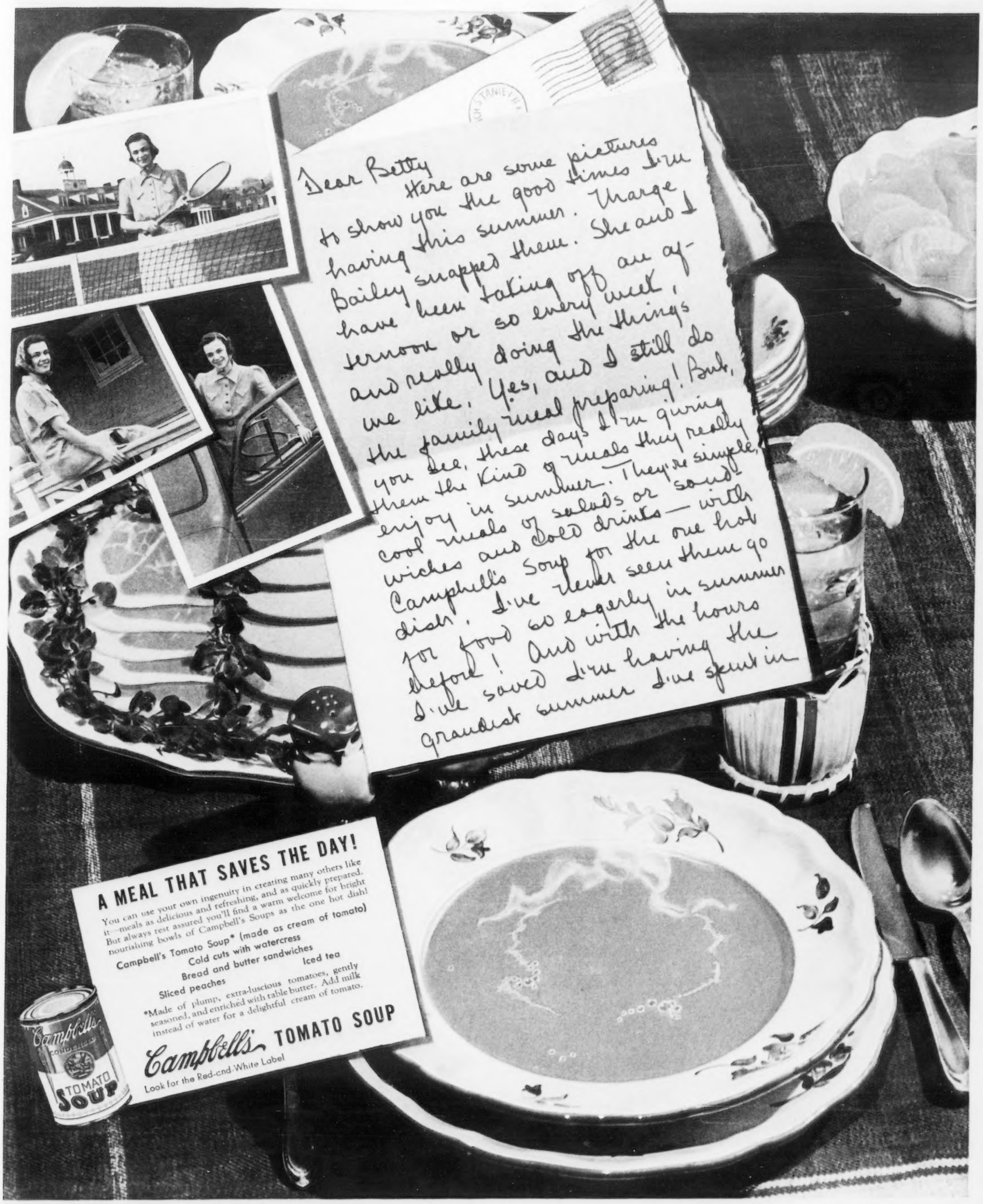
"Hello, it's nice to see you." She spoke in a soft, swift voice, and at once took command. "Don't hold your bag. Terry, take and put it somewhere. And take off your coat. Pat will put it in the cupboard. Isn't it lovely material!" She ran her hand down his arm quite unselfconsciously. "I bet it's warm. Are you tired? Sit down here, by the fire. I'll clear away this mess." She tossed a pile of magazines onto the rug, in the midst of two sleepy dogs and three cats. "You look cold? It does get cold in September, doesn't it? We'll get you something hot to drink."

Douglas stared at Eileen, and scarcely spoke. He stared in a manner that seemed oddly hostile, and when she touched his arm, he drew it sharply back. Anyone else would have noticed—anyone but the O'Haras, who did not know the meaning of hostility. He sat by the fire and answered briefly while they crowded close, asking simple friendly questions. Had he been ill long, and how did it make him feel? "Was it measles?" asked Sheila with solicitude.

Douglas frowned. "No," he said curtly. No one ever

Douglas jerked away. "Don't touch me," he said, nodding toward Eileen, still in her dance dress. "She knows why."

WIFE TAKES A HOLIDAY!



MADE IN CANADA BY THE CAMPBELL SOUP COMPANY LTD, NEW TORONTO, ONTARIO

Terry clasped his head, and a groan of derision echoed all about. "We put it out. Five of us. It took some pretty stiff work, too."

They were silent as they let that sink in. The O'Haras did not readily condemn, but they saw no reason why they should not condemn Douglas. The silence must have had effect, for a rush of color came to the boy's face. "You take a lot for granted—that it was my doing." He sounded sullen, and perhaps that was excusable, for they had pounced on him without letting him utter a word of self-defense.

"Tell me who else it could have been." Terry was quick to rise to that sullenness. "If you'll think about it, you'll realize a strong wind might have swept the fire through here."

For an instant Douglas looked from one to another with narrowed eyes. Yet somehow they were desperate eyes as well—almost as if he were trapped—almost as if he were going through something that he had gone through once before. "I'm sorry," he said slowly, and somehow the futility of that aggravated Terry all the more. For Terence had worked hard, and for once in his life he was really tired.

"You don't look sorry. You don't even look as if human life mattered to you."

That was where Terry said too much, and when his flare of Irish temper was met by something equally as swift. Douglas clenched his fist and stepped forward. The next instant Terry lay flat on the floor.

That started things in earnest. Five young O'Haras made a rush at Douglas and nearly sent him from his feet. The elder O'Haras came flying.

"You brute!" Eileen shook his arm. "You don't deserve to live!"

With a swift movement, Douglas flung her hand aside. "Tell me something that's news." He pushed his way through the others—and for a boy who had been sick, he showed a good deal of strength. He knelt down by Terence and laid his hand across the boy's chest—almost as if he expected to find his heart was stilled. He said no word, and his face was colorless—almost grey. Terry opened his eyes almost at once.

"I'm all right, I'm all right," he said quickly, and sat up. He remained so a moment, and the dazed glance steadied as he saw Douglas' face. He even managed a smile.

"Holy cats, you can pack a wallop!" he said. "How in blazes did you do that to me?" He sounded genuinely impressed, with all resentment flown. But Douglas was incapable of speech. He made a few helpless attempts—and then scrambled abruptly to his feet, and pushed his way into the house.

"Hmmph. Hit and run," said Brian scornfully. His mother checked him.

"Hush, that's no way to talk." She looked concerned. "Terry, you're sure you're all right. Good heavens, it gave me the start of my life when I saw the way Douglas looked. I thought he'd killed you."

"He was scared." Little Sheila spoke solemnly. She turned from the doorway, where she had been staring into the house. "When he went in, he looked as if he was going to cry."

"Don't be silly," said Eileen scornfully. But oddly enough, her blue eyes grew dark and wide, and she looked through the open doorway in a hesitant way.

"Sure, go after him." Terry seemed to read her thoughts. "Tell him it's okay, and not to worry."

Eileen wheeled about sharply. "I don't care if he worries himself to death! I never want to talk to him again. And if the rest of you aren't coming in to supper, I'll eat it all myself!"

SUPPER WAS a constrained meal, with Douglas barely raising his eyes from his plate, and giving no one a chance to address him. Strange, how in a house so used to chatter, a silence could now hover until no one knew how to break it.

But they were not through with Douglas for that day. He came to them in the evening when they were gathered about the fire. They often sat like that, the children sprawled on the rug with their games or books, while their parents sat in big, shabby old armchairs at each side. Douglas came to them and spoke, looking straight into the fire.

"I think I'd like to leave here."

That, naturally, caused instant consternation. A look of guilt passed over every face, even when they knew there was no reason. Douglas had undoubtedly brought it all upon himself. But after all, they could not let him go, resentful and aggrieved.

"Now come, come." Mr. O'Hara spoke soothingly. "Troubles soon blow over."

Terence even sat up. "Good lord, forget about the fire, and what I said. I guess I did lay it on pretty thick. You just didn't understand."

For an instant Douglas looked at Terry. It was a strange glance—almost as if he would have given worlds to tell him he did understand, and that he wanted to meet him on a simple, friendly basis. But it passed so swiftly it was hard to tell that it had ever been.

"I'm no use here. I ought to go," he persisted stubbornly.

Mrs. O'Hara leaned forward. "Douglas, it's your own fault if you can't be happy with us. We want you to be."

This time, just as briefly, he raised his eyes to hers. "I . . . could be happy . . . if . . ." He broke off. Eileen looked up and saw that his glance was fixed directly on herself. She could not fathom the depths behind that glance, but it brought defiance to her eyes. After all, Eileen had been put in a humiliating position right from the beginning.

"Well, I'm sorry if I prevent you," she said haughtily.

Her sudden attack seemed to startle Douglas. "Oh—I didn't mean that." It was the first time he had spoken with such spontaneity, and he sounded both young and embarrassed. "You can't help it. I—I mean you can't help the way I feel about you." He stared a moment more, futilely, as if he knew he had expressed himself badly and yet could not bring himself to say more. Then quickly, as if he knew that the tide of feeling against him was rising once again, he turned to Mr. O'Hara.

"Look, sir." Mr. O'Hara blinked his eyes, and quite forgot the implied insult to his daughter, in the "sir" from a young man without manners. "If I do stay here, can I work?"

The surprise deepened. "Work! Whatever for?" He looked as if he had not heard aright. "There's no need to work. You came to rest."

But Douglas proved stubborn. He wanted to work. He'd cut wood if they liked, or help them on the rails. Mr. O'Hara was dubious, but Terry proved unexpectedly enthusiastic. "Sure, he could help lay the trestles for the new bridge."

"Son, we've got our quota of men on that."

But Douglas cut in. "I don't want pay. It's so I can do something." In the end they gave in—for after all, who could deny a boy the right to work when he wanted it? Terence even patted the rug with his hand.

"Come and sit by us, and be sociable." It seemed as if that knockout blow had made Terry look at him in quite a different light. Douglas shook his head.

"No, thanks, that's all I want to know. I'm going to turn in."

Terry stared as the door closed. "Well, what do you make of a guy like that?" he asked once again.

"I'd hate to say!" said Eileen crisply.

But Mrs. O'Hara shook her head. "Perhaps God Himself only knows," she said quietly.

And that may have been closer to the truth than anything, for at that time Douglas seemed beyond mere human understanding. However, next morning Douglas was up and ready to turn out with the rest. Not only that morning, but every morning. Soon his tall figure striding along with Mr. O'Hara and Terry became an accustomed thing. He worked, too—that was the amazing part. He worked as if his very life depended on it, and with no complaint, even when every movement told of stiffness and exhaustion.

"Hey, you don't have to slave like that," Terry told him once as they sprawled on a grassy bank for lunch. "You ought at least get put on a regular payroll."

"That doesn't matter." He spoke quite as if it didn't. Terry stared at him wonderingly, as he bit into a sandwich.

"You're a damn queer cuss, do you know that?"

"Maybe."

Terry tried again. "Don't you ever want to talk?"

"Not particularly."

"Have you always been this sort of a clam?"

Douglas rolled over on his back and stretched, without any attempt at reply. After a moment Terry looked uncomfortable. "Okay, we'll skip it," he said slowly. "I guess you're just a guy that harbors grievances." To Terry's surprise, Douglas raised his head.

"I don't harbor grievances," he said definitely. "And I think you're a grand guy, Terry. But . . . just leave it at that, will you?" ☆ *Cont'd on page 28*

RETROSPECT OF CHILDHOOD

by AUDREY ALEXANDRA BROWN

☆

When I was yet so new
That very lately I had journeyed through
Those glory-gates which let us from the blue —
When I was still so young
That every robin had an angel's tongue,
Sweet miracles I lived and moved among.
No amber could be bright
As the tossed flame of jonquils to my sight —
No silver rich as stabbed the starred night.
In each delicious Spring
My heart bloomed with the almond's blossoming,
And with the lark my soul would fly and sing.
Beauty was more divine;
The morning air was milk, the breeze was wine;
All things were fair, and all fair things were mine.
Now I have walked so long
I have worn the splendour from my shoes; the song
Fails on my lips that once were proud and strong.
My ears grow dull, my eyes
Are dimmed against the exquisite surprise
Of rose-fledged and rose-dappled skies.
O let me cleanse with pain
My sight, albeit in the bitter rain
Of hard-wrung tears; let me see clear again.
Let the long thunder-roll
Break in like drums of warning on my soul —
Make me, as in my childhood, strong and whole.
Then I'll go shining-shod —
Retrace my steps along the way I trod —
Take home my honeycomb of joy to God.

"Perhaps he is," Susie answered mildly. She glanced out over the hats in her show window and saw Randy coming along the street, home early from his work at the mine. She smiled inwardly, remembering that she had told him Norma was coming for her new hat today.

She busied herself with the hat in the mirror when he walked in, filling the doorway like a vigorous breeze.

Lazily he leaned against the door casing, visibly enjoying the picture she made. He asked casually at last:

"Did Mark Donovan get in to see your father last night?"

"No, he didn't," Norma answered, without looking around. "He phoned that there was some inspecting to do at the mine, and he couldn't get away."

"Inspecting—" Susie saw Randy repeating silently, pity and contempt flickering across his lips. A spark of suspicion raced through her. Mark hadn't been inspecting. He had been doing something he shouldn't, out there at the mine.

Norma tilted the hat a trifle more on her pretty head. She wished he'd go away, the rosy cheek in the mirror was saying. But Randy remained.

"Let's see how you look." He went across and turned her about to face him.

Norma lifted her head, brown eyes sparkling and defiant beneath the tiny curling plumes.

"Oh, you're sweet!" The words stumbled faintly, and Randy abruptly caught her close, kissing her startled mouth as though it were the last instant on earth and he must.

Susie busied herself across the room as the hat fell to the floor unnoticed.

Norma twisted from his arms at last, and she didn't know, it seemed for an instant, whether to laugh or cry. Susie glanced sideways and saw her crumpled little face. But the mounting scarlet of indignation dried the dewy lashes.

Randy picked up the hat, laid it on the stand beside the mirror, and without a glance toward her or Susie walked from the room.

"WHY DID you, Randy?" Susie chided unhappily a few minutes later as she stood with him on the verandah, watching Norma's car sputtering away up the street.

"Because I wanted it," he replied, his eyes a mingling of remorse and misery and leaping flame.

"You wanted—that's the trouble with you, Randy." Susie sank into a chair. "You take what you want without a thought of others."

Randy's pale lips smiled. "You say that, too?"

She knew it wasn't true. Of all the people she had ever known, his life had held the least of what counted to him. She looked away from the hurt and bitterness in his face.

"I've wanted Norma," he went on in a low strained voice. "I've kept out of the way of Mark Donovan, when all the mind I ever possessed tells me that she'd never be happy married to a man like him."

Randy shrugged, pulling himself together. "But it's my mountain to climb, not yours." He sprawled down on the step, staring off into the garden as he lighted a cigarette.

"Randy," Susie said at last, "you've found out something at the mine."

He glanced up at her, his lips working in a humorless smile.

"Tell me," she urged.

A question wavered in his eyes. Should he confide in her, or say nothing as he had intended? He flicked the ash from his cigarette into the petunia bed at his feet.

"Mark apparently had the same idea I had about that old side drift. He knew its record, and felt he'd be wise to prospect back there at the end of the stope. And he struck the lead again. Look at this." Randy drew from his pocket several bits of quartz and held them out for her to see.

Susie's breath caught.

They were spun through and through with yellow metal as fabulously rich as Randy's grandfather had found the years when Moffett Mine had fed and clothed most of Old Town.

"Mark's been taking out that gold and saying nothing?"

Randy smiled dryly beneath the grimness in his eyes.

"He put in a few planks of timbering after work hours, and covered up his work neatly in case anyone ever happened into that abandoned upper level. And no one ever would but a sentimental fool like me, who had dreaming for years of stoping into that old dripping hole."

Susie sat in the rocking chair, her mind buzzing. Mark was stealing the gold that would have paid to replace the timbering!

"If he's that kind of a fellow—" she began, but Randy interrupted.

"If I had slaved, and gone without all my life as he has, and suddenly found a pocket of gold there for the taking—in a spot thrown aside years ago—I'm not certain that I wouldn't have done the same, myself."

"I am." Susie clipped off the words, and Randy smiled across at her small lined face, his eyes gleaming. "Mark's taken men's lives in his hands," she went on, her cheeks hot, "and blamed you for it! Made Norma blame you!"

Randy moved a shoulder. "She's right. I should have come back long before this. It was frightful, letting the mine run down as I have."

And Norma wanted to think that Mark was good and fine. He was, really, Randy sat there persuading himself . . . Anyone might slip on a temptation great enough . . . Randy sat smoking, dreaming of Norma, Susie knew, and of what he would do for her if he could. His life, and heaven besides, he'd give her, the tenderness on his lips was saying.

A week later he had the chance.

When he was late for supper that evening, Susie put their plates back into the oven to keep warm, and went out onto the porch to wait for him. She sat watching the twilight stealing along Old Town ravine, as it had numberless fall evenings since the day he had pushed his toy automobile along the trailing vine in her carpet.

The gate latch abruptly clicked. Norma Barr sped up the walk. Susie's heart lurched at sight of her pallid face.

"There's a cave-in at the mine!" she panted. "Mark's caught down there!"

WHEN THEY reached the mine, half the town almost was there before them, and from John Blanden Susie heard

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The Years Between

Continued from page 7

of the banter and the boldness gone from his eyes, Randy stood there, gazing at the slender perfection of her, a rapt wistfulness in his face, as though searching for all his heart had ever asked.

And finding it . . . Susie's throat tightened . . . Finding the same little girl who had played with him and watched devotedly while he repaired her doll buggy and made it whole again, who had believed in everything he said or did. Until those last few years . . . That, too, lay in Randy's eyes, a shadow beneath the brightness.

He loved Norma, he had loved her all his life. Susie knew that moment He had found in her what he had missed at home, and all these years she had lived in his heart, a shrine to come back to again some day. He stood there in the doorway, oblivious of time and Susie, completely entranced.

But in a flash it was gone beneath a quizzical humor as Norma turned abruptly and saw him standing there. She sat for an instant, all the shining interest in the hat and her prettiness arrested in her eyes. Then she lifted off the hat and set it on the table before her, and went across to greet Randy with politely outstretched hand.

"You knew I was back?" He held to her slim fingers.

Norma smiled. "Could anyone help knowing?"

All the delightful friendliness of the little shop was somehow fading. He had crashed in on the quiet of Old Town in his great expensive car, the faint disdain on Norma's lips told Susie, when Mark Donovan and his men took their lives in their hands, working along the rotting drifts of Moffett Mine that he couldn't afford to repair.

"You've come back for good?" she asked with the fixed, polite smile that wasn't Norma's smile at all.

"I think so." Randy looked at the swirl of curls nestling above the rosy curve of her ear. "The mine has needed a Moffett for some time, I've told myself."

Norma laughed, but her cheeks were pink with smoldering resentment. "Mark's glad you finally decided to come — if you aren't too full of impractical college theories."

Randy answered: "I'll try not to be." And Susie remembered afterward the faint enigma of his smile.

HE SAW Norma as much as he could in the days after that, which wasn't as often as he wished, Susie knew, for Mark kept her spare time filled. But one mellow fall evening he took Susie in the big maroon-colored car and met Norma as she came from school.

"Aunt Susie and I are going out to see the old house." He smiled persuasively. "Go with us?"

Susie saw refusal on Norma's lips. Then the romance and tragedy of the great house that had dominated the crest above town for the past seventy years tugged successfully.

"I'd love to go," Norma answered.

Happily, Randy drew her into the seat beside him, while Susie smiled from the luxury of the cushions behind. They rode out along the lane behind her shop, past the boulder-strewn mouth of the abandoned tunnel.

"I'm going to throw a few supports back in the mine at the head of that old drift one of these days," Randy observed, "and take a look around, as I planned years ago."

"Anything"—Norma's eyes twinkled toward Susie, recalling the afternoon years before—"to be doing something you've been told not to do."

Randy returned: "I'm not the only one who does things he's been told not to do."

Norma met his bantering gaze, tease in her own. "Now what have I done?"

"Want me to tell you?"

She nodded.

Randy looked ahead along the road past the vacant little cottage where Norma used to live when her father worked at the mine. "You're trying to fall in love with someone else, when you promised to wait for me."

The play days long ago . . . and even during the stormy years of high school . . . remember? She would always, she had vowed, the gentleness on his lips reminded.

"I couldn't wait forever, Randy."

It was all in fun, they tried to make it appear. Susie glanced off at the toyon bushes splashing the shaggy hillsides with crimson flame, happiness surging through her as Randy's broad shoulder drooped to brush the small one beside him.

"I'm back now," she heard him murmur caressingly.

Susie saw a rosy edge of cheek, and lashes drooping to hide eyes shining with the armed excitement that Randy had forced into them. Then they were rolling up the drive between the weedy lawns of his old home.

Randy stood beside Norma a short while later on the verandah, looking off at the faded buildings of the mine, and on beyond to the little hamlet sleeping in the basin of hills.

"I mean to see why it hasn't paid for retimbering."

"Talking big," Norma's eyes flashed hotly to Susie. "What does he know about hard rock mining?"

Susie asked him when they were alone again: "Why didn't you come back before, Randy?"

"Why do you think?" he questioned curiously across the supper table

"Norma thinks you were playing. Rowdying around, folks said when you didn't come home after college."

Humor and bitterness twisted Randy's mouth.

"I went to South America because I was offered a chance to get the experience I needed in a mine down there I didn't want to come back until I could show I wasn't the fool that everybody here said I was."

He had grubbed in a mine all those years? Pride in him rippled fiercely through Susie.

"MARK'S STRUGGLED along on nothing," Norma said the next time Susie saw her, "doing everything he humanly could. And now Randy Moffett goes out there and tells him he's wrong!"

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What to look for when BUYING CHILDREN'S SHOES

Painful and disabling foot troubles in later life are often the direct result of improper footwear and bad walking habits in childhood.

When selecting shoes for your growing boy or girl allow plenty of time for a careful fitting. Here are five points to consider when you buy your children's shoes:

Does the inside toe of the shoe extend one-half inch beyond the foot when the child is standing?

Is the shoe roomy above the toes, but snug at the heel and over the instep? It should not be pointed, high heeled nor thin soled.

Is the inner edge of the sole straight and in line with the heel?

Are the shoes flexible?

Have you made sure that the sole under the ball of the foot lies flat, not bending up at the sides? Put your hand into the shoe to see that there are no bumps or rough places.

If there is a baby in your family, remember that his feet are soft and pliable. Pressure from socks that are too short—even shrunken booties—may permanently misshape his feet. Socks as well as shoes need to extend a little beyond the longest toe and should be sufficiently roomy for his toes to wiggle.

The child of school age, also, needs shoes and stockings with plenty of room for growing feet to expand. Young feet grow fast. As soon as stockings and shoes are outgrown they should be discarded, even if they are not worn out.

Every child should be taught to walk correctly—keeping the weight on the outer edge of the foot and with toes pointing straight ahead, neither "toeing out" nor excessively "toeing in." "Toeing out," particularly, weakens the ankles and arches and is a common cause of foot trouble.

As the child reaches adulthood, overstrained arches may flatten. One of the first symptoms of "fallen arches" is a pain under the arch and up the calf of the leg. Correct treatment and properly constructed shoes will generally restore the foot to full usefulness.

The Metropolitan booklet "Standing Up to Life" tells how to guard children's feet against abuse and how to overcome many adult foot troubles. A post card will bring you a free copy. Address Booklet Department 8-L-39, Canadian Head Office, Ottawa.

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the story: Mark had gone back toward the head of the old upper drift to look around a bit before he quit for the day, he said. And as the last cageload of men started to the surface, there was an ominous rumble, and the whole section of tunnelling had crashed in.

Randy and the men were working as fast as they could, John said, but it was a risky task, digging into all that rotten timbering and rock. Susie watched the men going down, and others coming up, weary, dirt-grimed men, to gulp the hot coffee that the women had brought, and snatch a few minutes rest.

"All because," she said silently, moistening her dry lips, "Mark was stealing the gold that would have paid to make the mine safe for all of them."

At midnight she saw Randy stepping from the cage.

"I'm going into the side tunnel," he said, turning to gather up the things he needed: a hatchet and a coil of rope and the few essentials of a first-aid kit.

Susie felt Norma's slender form go rigid.

"He mustn't!" Norma whispered smotheredly. "He can't get into the mine that way! The drift's been crumbling all these years!"

John Blanden went across to Randy. "Don't be a fool," John growled harshly. "Going into a death-trap like that for nothing."

"I'll get through," Randy answered. The light from the lamp on his cap flickered over the strong tense planes of his face, and abruptly Susie saw his grandfather, rocklike old Randall Moffett, standing there in their midst.

John glowered toward her helplessly.

"Randy—" Susie's worn fingers, callused from their years of stitching, trembled on his arm.

Randy looked at her, his eyes shadowed beneath the miner's cap. "You'll not ask me, too, Aunt Susie?" They were saying. He counted on her to understand, to believe in him. Susie's eyes blurred. It was wild, useless, perhaps, but it was Randy, paying in the only way he could the debt that Norma had made him see was his.

Norma pushed through the crowd to his side.

"Can't you listen to reason?" she cried, her face working. "You'll do no good, going into all that mashed-down timbering and mud! The tunnel's closed completely, father said."

"The drift below is, too," Randy replied with a faint show of impatience. "It would be days, weeks, possibly, before we could move all that rock and get to Mark. It's the only chance." He strode off toward the brushy slope a short way below.

With a little moan, Norma ran after him.

"It isn't a chance, Randy!" Susie heard her whisper, catching his arm frantically. "Oh, Randy, I can't let you go!"

Randy pulled away, his face a pale mask in the dark, and turned into the narrow opening choked with brush and boulders.

Susie held to Norma's shaking hands, watching his light flickering along the slimy arch of rock and sagging timbers. Farther and farther away it wavered, until quenched entirely beyond a pile of debris.

"He's a fool if there ever was one," Susie heard the men muttering about her. "If he wants to kill himself, let him."

The lights of Old Town twinkled in the ravine below, and high up there on the ridge, the gables of Randy's home printed themselves against the spangled sky.

Minutes . . . hours dragged by, filled with the raw trickling of water . .

Susie looked at Norma huddled with bent head on the rocks beside her. Norma didn't know that he hadn't wasted all these years, she didn't know his depth of honesty and tenderness. But she knew at last, Susie whispered to herself with dimmed vision, what had lain hidden in her own heart. When it was too late, the despair in the young shoulders was saying.

Susie pressed her taut ears into the lisp of water, but it told her nothing of Randy back there in the heart of the mountain. Panic welled into her throat as the first film of dawn rimmed the bowl of the hills.

"Listen!" Norma abruptly crouched forward.

The faint suck and flounder of mud and water echoed from the depths of the tunnel.

Susie's heart plunged.

With a muffled cry, Norma flew toward the tense group gathered at the tunnel entrance.

Then Susie saw Randy weaving through the grey light, Mark Donovan's unconscious form drooping across his back. As swift hands took his burden from him onto the waiting stretcher, Randy stumbled forward on legs that almost folded beneath him in their utter exhaustion.

"The cave-in caught Mark, but he'll be all right," Randy said.

He had bound two crude splints about Mark's broken legs, and carried him all the way, inching through the slimy, crushed-down timbering, knowing that any instant might be their last.

"You play so good—Randy." Silently, Susie murmured his little expression of long ago. She reached a hand out to him.

But Norma was there before her. The sweetness of the small hands catching at him deepened the pallor in Randy's tired cheeks.

"We'll clean out those old drifts and get the timbering done," he said to Norma, an edge of huskiness in his voice, "and by that time Mark will be well again."

Norma looked at him, her lashes wet, her soft lips trembling with smiles, as though she weren't thinking of Mark or the mine, or any of the throng milling about them . . . Thinking of nothing on earth save Randy in his askew miner's cap, his mud-caked hair and scratched cheeks, and his lips struggling with their casual grin.

"You're a sight!" she said with a sob of laughter. Her fingers clung inside his big ones, reassuring themselves that he was here, and all the lonely years between were gone. "I'll have to take you down to Aunt Susie's and clean you up."

☆☆

"It was because I was always far-sighted," she heard herself say.

They both laughed.

"Your serve would pass, but at the net," said Ricky, "you were impossible."

Marian said, with shocked disbelief, "Mamma, did you ever play tennis?"

"Paul, go and clean up," said Caroline, able to speak rationally again. "Marian, get that dress off. Billy, go out in the yard. You can have a party with—with the cake."

Whooping, Billy and the cake and the boys plunged away. Loud cries of, "I'm gonna cut it. I'm gonna cut it myself," came in through the screen.

Marian and Paul withdrew reluctantly, pausing to stare curiously back at their mother and the strange man.

Ricky went on, as though they never had been there, "And you always got dizzy if you were a foot off the ground."

"I just fell off a stepladder," she said, "I can't seem to help it."

They laughed again.

"Well," said Ricky, "it was near the death of us both that day at the Dells. Nothing but whirlpools under those rocks."

Caroline said, "I never saw such dark water. But you were so quick, Ricky."

He said, "Funny how the color ran in that dress. You were embarrassed to go to the hotel afterward. We were always in some kind of jam, I guess."

"I minded my shoes the worst. Coming all to pieces."

Ricky said, "I never saw the Dells again. You ever?"

"No. I've never gone back."

The phone rang, and Marian could be heard answering it. "No," she said clearly, "I told you I was stuck for the day. I have to do all the work, practically, and mamma's got a man in the kitchen—well, of course I do, you know I do. I can't wait either. Right after supper. No, I can't skip supper. I'll try and see you after."

THE VACUUM cleaner man took ten minutes to prophesy the imminent end of the cleaner, and Ricky sat smoking until he had gone. Then he said, "I expect I'd better start along. I've four hundred miles yet to do tonight."

Caroline said, "Couldn't you stay for dinner?"

"No, I'm afraid not."

She thought desperately, Why don't I tell him it's not always like this? Why don't I ask him about his life? Why can't I say something after all this time?

"Have you finished your business in Portage?" was what she found to say.

Ricky smiled and the tired lines around his mouth smoothed out suddenly. "I just came to say hello to you. It was only an extra five hundred miles so I thought I better come along. I may never get this near again."

"Oh," said Caroline helplessly, "oh dear."

Ricky's eyes were on her, looking at her with a deep distinct gaze. She felt the awkward red along her cheeks and hair and her lips quivered.

Then Ricky said, "You haven't changed a bit, Caroline."

The kitchen was unbearably bright, simply singing with color. There was a flood of gold on Ricky's face, washing out the wrinkles and the bristle of grey mustache and the shadows under his eyes. Caroline said breathlessly, "You haven't changed either."

"Well, I've got along," said Ricky. "But you look just the same. I—knew you would."

Then Ricky was going down the steps. Walking across the leaf-deep lawn, raising his hand in a familiar farewell gesture. Caroline thought she waved back, but she wasn't sure.

"Mamma, whoever was that man?" Marian was peering at her.

"My youth," said Caroline absently. "I mean—what are you staring at me for, Marian?"

"You—look funny," said Marian.

Paul, sticking a damp head over the stair rail, asked, "Say, ma, was that some old pash of yours? He didn't seem to be selling anything."

There came Tom, looking hot and tired. "Great lord, mamma," he said, "what you out on the porch in that rig for at this time of day? Look, they are all coming along soon as they've washed up at the hotel."

Caroline smiled at him dreamily. "I gave the cake to the boys," she said, "but you run right back to the drugstore and get some ice cream. I'll need a gallon, I expect."

Tom looked odd with his mouth open. "What's got into you? What you mean?"

Caroline let her wash apron fall to the floor. "Never you mind, Tom," she said. "Everything's all right."

Tom followed her in the house. "Who was that man just drove away as I came in?"

"Ricky Donovan," said Caroline, with her back to him.

"What?" Tom worried the name around in his mind. "Why, mamma, you mean that old beau of yours? What did he come for? Where did he come from? Whyn't he wait?"

Caroline hurried up the stairs, Tom still after her.

"I never recognized him," said Tom. "You recognize him, mamma?"

Caroline had her mouth full of hairpins. She twisted her hair up. "Call down to Marian to pare a big pan of potatoes," she said.

"What did he want, mamma?" persisted Tom.

Caroline was pinning up her hair, sliding into her old brown silk. "Oh, he just dropped in," she said vaguely. "Tom, you better put on a clean shirt."

"I never would've known him. Fact is," said Tom nervously, "they say a person changes completely every seven years, isn't the same person at all. Time marches on, as they say."

"Some things never change," said Caroline. She handed him his shirt and a clean collar.

"Well, what did he have to say?"

"Oh, nothing."

"What's his business?"

"He didn't say."

"Where's he live? Is he—still married?"

"I don't know." Caroline brushed his sleeve with one hand. "Hurry, now, Tom, get that ice cream. I'll stir up a nice thick sauce for it."

"Listen, I got those buyers—" he began, then he broke off. "I can't make you out, mamma. A—a man turns up after twenty years and you don't even find out what his business is!"

"Bill Henry, you'll spank this child over my dead body!"

A modern wife finds a modern way out for her child

1. But, Mary... I tell you I'm tired of pampering him. He needs it and I'm going to give him some if I have to ram it down his throat—or else . . .

2. Oh, no, you're not! He hates that nasty-tasting stuff and I think it's a crime to force him to take it just because it's around the house. You just wait a minute while I call the doctor!

3. Oh, I see! Yes, doctor . . . uh-huh . . WHAT? . . . Heavens! I didn't know that! Yes, indeed, I'll do it right away! Thanks so much, doctor.

4. There, Smarty! The doctor said never to FORCE a child. He said to give him a GOOD-TASTING laxative. But NOT an "adult" one. He said a grown-up's laxative might be TOO STRONG for a tot's delicate "insides" . . . and could do more harm than good.

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6. Wow! Will you look at him go for that Castoria! Thank heaven, we won't have any more fights over a laxative in *this* family.

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Keep Yesterday Forever

Continued from page 11

hands back from the wringer. The doorbell was buzzing like an irritated bee. Up the steep stairs, panting, and the left knee giving her an extra twinge, she came.

"Madam, what provision are you making for your children's minds? Do you realize that these are the formative years?"

"I can't afford the Cosmic Wonder Series," Caroline was abrupt.

"But you see, madam—" The Wonder Series came out on the porch.

Caroline said, "I'm just making a cake, I simply can't talk to you."

"Sometimes we homemakers tend to place undue importance on the material things, while the finer things—"

Caroline shut the door. Another broken-down spinster. But she just had to do it. The cake would be ruined. You had to be respectful with cake dough.

She was in the cellar again when Mrs. Snell phoned to say it was measles and she wouldn't be over. So Caroline ironed the curtains. The iron kept getting sticky with the starch. The ruffles pulled. It was after two when she lugged the stepladder upstairs to hang them again. Two of the fixtures had lost the screws, she went to the garage and got a hammer and nails and climbed up again. The ladder was old, and it shook under her. Four feet off the ground and she was always dizzy.

She remembered suddenly that time at the Dells. Swift dark water jagged between deep rocks. She had looked down, slipped. Ricky dragged her up, her linen skirt soaked. That was the day before he went away with his father to South America. "But it won't be forever," he said.

Well, it had been twenty years. She climbed down, fished for the screw under the dresser, got up again. Ricky had married some girl in Buenos Aires two years or three after she married Tom. He sent her some sort of valcuna or vicuna wool spread for a wedding present, and Billy had made a tepee of it and set it on fire ultimately. She sent him half a dozen salad forks.

The vacuum cleaner man arrived. He took the cleaner apart in the living room while she desperately whacked at the bent rod in the upper hall. Never should have tried to get these done on a day like this. The broilers came. The meter reader came. Marian, very sulky, drifted in and spent twenty minutes at the phone explaining to her world that she was the family scullion and couldn't get away—

And there was Paul, in his football clothes, a vast smear of mud and blood. Something, a spike, no doubt, must have cut clear into his face. Caroline, trying to climb down in a hurry, shook the ladder to its limit and crashed on the landing, a pair of ruffled curtains would around her and the hammer, naturally, smashing on her left knee.

"What are you trying to do?" asked Paul, at the foot of the stairs. "For goodness sake, mamma, can't you watch out?"

"What am I trying to do?" cried Caroline hysterically. "What am I?"

She pulled herself up by the window sill, wondering whether she could ever walk again. There was a scratch on her own face, she felt the sharp salty line of it. Marian was coming. "Mamma, are you hurt?"

"I'm all right. Get the iodine for Paul."

She got down the stairs. Paul said, "I'm all right. Don't get excited."

A CAR HAD stopped at the curb. Dear heaven, who was coming to call now at this hour and with things in such a state? Caroline reached for the door, to shut it, and stopped with the knob in her fingers.

A man in a salt and pepper suit was getting out of the car. She saw his bent bare head with the grey hair, and a stiff line of collar.

"Who is that, mamma?" Paul mopped the blood from his eye.

The man came up the walk, a stocky middle-aged figure outlined against the pale sky. He looked up.

"Who is it, mamma?" asked Marian, iodine bottle in her hand.

Caroline gave a strangled cry and plunged down the step. She was going to scream at him to go away, nobody was home, go away! Behind her, Paul and Marian, and Billy and his cohorts stampeded. Billy stumbled against Marian, and the iodine streamed down her dress front.

"You insufferable little brat!" cried Marian. "Look what he's done now, mamma!" Seizing Billy's hair, she shook him violently while he let out one of his best roars.

The stranger held out his hand. "Hello, Caroline," he said.

"Ricky!"

"I just took a chance on finding you at home."

Wordless, she led him in. Paul fell in behind, Marian dripped in his wake, and Billy and the two boys clumped after.

The vacuum cleaner man looked up from the centre of the rug, waving a brush. "Just about half an hour," he said cheerily, "and you won't know the old machine."

"Lemme help!" Billy scrambled around on the floor.

Caroline saw herself in the console mirror, in her faded and damp wash dress, her face glistening with perspiration, the scratch reddening. Her heart was sick. There was nothing she could do, except limp ahead to the kitchen and let Ricky lower himself into the breakfast nook.

All the children, avowedly curious, filled the doorways. Marian had a dark suspicious look on her face, Paul was sharp eyed behind the coating of mud and clotting blood. Billy, muted only a trifle, hummed the latest swing tune.

Ricky said, "I only have half an hour."

"Did you have a long drive?" asked Caroline stiffly.

Half an hour for him to view her humiliation, to see the drab creature she was, sound the depths of—well, sound the depths.

Ricky was looking at her, faintly smiling. When she met his eyes, she saw the sea blue color of them.

Ricky said, "I never was able to teach you real tennis."

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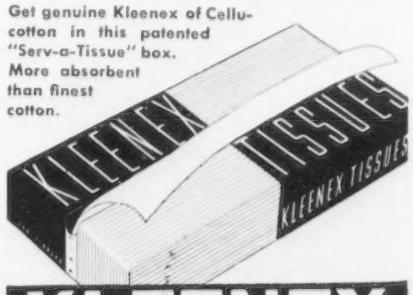

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BEAUTY AND THE BEACH

★★

by ANNABELLE LEE

LET'S TALK a little common sense about suntanning—and you.

The sun can be your best friend—or your worst enemy. Outdoor exercise and sunshine are invaluable as beauty aids; but too long an exposure to the sun and wind can ruin all you've been protecting and guarding.

Do you know just what happens when the sun burns your skin? The direct rays, which are very powerful in midsummer, excite the cells to feverish activity. The cells, which produce coloring matter in our skins, to combat the effect of the sun's rays manufacture the dark tones which best resist them. The more often this is repeated, the harder it is on the fine texture of your skin.

If you're young and sleek, with a little judicious thought, you can take plenty of sunshine. You should emerge with a glowing tanned skin in which the whites of your eyes and the vivid lipstick you'll be wearing make a striking contrast. If you're blond, and tan carefully, you'll find a new beauty in your darker toned skin. Brunettes usually turn a darker shade still, but find an added gypsy-like charm. Redheads, as a general rule, should avoid the sun as they tend to freckle or turn red. But each skin reacts differently. Study your own. Take note of what happens to it.

Once you've passed your thirtieth birthday—look out! The swift-flying years naturally tend to dry out the fine oils in your skin. Too much exposure to the sun will only hasten this. As you face maturity—or grace it—you'll have to realize that careless exposure to the sun will tend to give you a faded nondescript appearance. So make good use of the scientifically prepared beauty preparations which will keep the healthful oils in your skin, and form a protecting film before the sun's rays. Cleanse your skin thoroughly after exposure. And moreover, wear shady hats most of the time when you're in the glaring sunshine. So much of your time is spent indoors, and so powerful is the effect of the sun and wind on your skin, that a few hours carelessness will give your skin-beauty a real setback.

In summer more than ever *cleanse, lubricate* and *protect.*

Before you, like "mad dogs and Englishmen," as Noel Coward has it, "go out in the midday sun" take a thought as to what is going to happen. Use a protecting cream, and remember particularly the skin around your eyes. Smooth in a little oil, for this is the most tender part of your skin. Wear dark glasses of course, to avoid squint lines. Always powder particularly well when you're going into the sun and wind, as powder is one of your best protections from Sunburn.

After a day out-of-doors, cleanse your skin thoroughly and intelligently. Use a fragrant soap with a soft foamy lather and press it gently, but insistently into the pores. A light cleansing and nourishing cream will help to replace the oils which the sun and wind have taken from your skin. Use a darker powder as your skin darkens, and the more orangey tones of make-up. Modern mascara is water-resistant so you can use it safely even when you're swimming—provided you use it lightly and deftly. A mild astringent is of particular value in keeping your skin smooth and cool.

What about freckles? Again you have to use common sense. Freckles are caused by pigment-forming cells, which are unevenly distributed and which darken as a result of the sun's rays. Freckles penetrate into the several layers of your skin. Modern bleaches and freckle protectors, when made by a well-known firm with a reputation, will do much to help you—but they can't work miracles. If you freckle, and walk unprotected in the sun, you'll just have to take the results. Many women find a darker shade of powder helps to give them a tanned effect, and subdues the freckles. The steady use of a reliable bleach is helpful. But be very careful as poor bleaches will harm your skin.

The sun can be your friend—if you treat him warily. The woman today need not fear him as her grandmother did, for science has been working steadily to find protection for our skins. There is nothing more delightful than the hours spent on the beach, as the two girls in the photograph are spending it, with care to help one another tan properly. But you have to use good sense about it and helpful beauty products. ☆

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A little smile hovered on Caroline's mouth.

FROM BELOW an astounding crash announced that Billy was in residence. Paul and Marian were arguing loudly, the phone was ringing, and an auto horn in the drive announced the men had come.

"You'll have to slip out the back way for the ice cream," said Caroline with complete composure. "Phone the hotel and invite the wives to come on over. We'll have dinner inside of an hour."

Tom said, "Caroline! You mean—you mean they can stay for dinner? You mean that?"

"Yes, they can!" said Caroline recklessly, "and their wives can come too!"

Tom said breathlessly, "Oh, Caroline! That will be—that will be swell." He struggled to understand. "But—you didn't get a new dress. You've got on the old brown one. I thought you said—"

"It doesn't matter," Caroline said carelessly.

She put a last dab of powder on her nose. Then she came over and kissed him. "I'm sorry I was in such a state this morning. I was sorry for myself, being middle-aged and fat and dull."

Tom's arms went round her. "Why, Caroline," he said in surprise, "you aren't middle-aged! You aren't fat either. And you're the smartest woman I know. Didn't the Bee say your paper on the Brontes was the best the Clio Club ever heard? I guess you must be coming down with a cold or something."

"I never felt better in my life," said Caroline. "I've learned something today. Something important."

"What's that?"

She wasn't sure she could get it in words. She said slowly, "Time doesn't really destroy us. Because Tom, we never grow old in the eyes of those who love us. That's what I learned. So the—the outside things don't matter. I mean, Tom, as long as—well, never mind."

She reached for a clean handkerchief and wiped the mist from her eyes. She saw herself in the glass, in the old brown dress. No, she thought, as long as the image of me in Ricky's mind and in Tom's stays young, I'm young too!

Swinging around, she shook Tom's hand and said gaily, "Come on, let's run, darling!"

"Are you really sure you feel equal to this gang all coming?"

"Equal to an army," she said, running lightly down the stairs. ☆

Chatelaine's Most Brilliant Fiction Scoop!
latest novel

"NOTHING BEGINS TODAY"

☆

The power of characterization and the knowledge of people, which has made Miss Wylie one of the most important writers of the day, is reflected in this important novel of modern England and the Sino-Jap war.

☆

BEGINNING IN SEPTEMBER CHATELAINE

How to improve your complexion

5 corrective aids to beauty

● If you'd like to have a clearer, softer, lovelier skin—follow the advice of beauty authorities. Get rid of ugly skin flaws—large pores, blackheads, dry scaly skin, blemishes, roughness or other skin troubles that may be spoiling the natural beauty of your complexion.

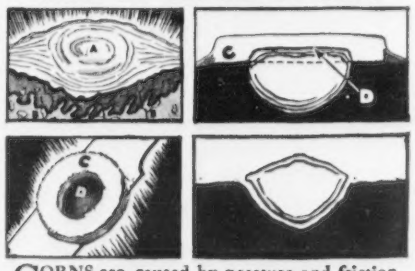
Thousands of Canadian women today are using a *corrective* cream—a cream that's mildly astringent, helps shrink enlarged pores—a cream that soothes and softens the skin, improves its texture—a *medicated* cream that promotes quicker healing of most skin blemishes. That cream is Noxzema Medicated Skin Cream—over 1,200,000 jars are used in Canada yearly! Women everywhere find it a pleasant, easy and effective aid to new skin beauty.

10 Day Test

Try Noxzema for your complexion. Get a jar from your druggist *today*. Use it *regularly* for 10 days as a Night Cream and as a *greaseless* Powder Base. See for yourself if your skin isn't fresher, smoother, more radiantly lovely. At all drug stores.

The Truth About CORNS

WHAT CAUSES THEM— HOW TO GET RID OF THEM



CORNS are caused by pressure and friction. They form a hard plug of dead cells (A) whose base presses on sensitive nerves (B).

It's easy to remove corns. Just put a scientific Blue-Jay pad (C) neatly over the corn. It relieves pain by removing pressure. Special Blue-Jay medicated formula (D) acts on the corn—gently loosens it so it can be lifted right out. Then simply avoid the pressure and friction which cause corns, and you can be free from them for good!

Get your Blue-Jay Corn Plasters today—only 25¢ for a package of 6.

BAUER & BLACK **BLUE-JAY** CORN PLASTERS

Put Color in Your Life

Continued from page 9

exquisite light green that makes a blonde look her most enchanting, if she's the delicate kind, and a deep violet that does tremendous things to the more dramatic, vivid type. Especially if she adds silver foxes. For the limpid, olive-tinted brunette, there's nothing like the warm wine tones with gardenias as a special touch.

If your skin is white, you'll look well in white or clear colors, and particularly nice in black. Even if you have an undertone of blue or grey or yellow in your skin, you can wear black or white if you put a bit of warm color near your face. A collar or hat brim will do the trick nicely. See that your skin is creamy before you go in for yellows, the trying chartreuses, or the deep violets. All the pastels are lovely with that clear pearly undertone of skin, and for olive skin, of course, the orangey, deep green, brown and scarlet tints are nicest. If your skin is warm and inclined to be florid, wear violet, peach or green tones.

If your eyes are bright and definite in tone, you can wear colors in the same shade that will accent them—browns and greens for hazel and brown eyes, blues and violets for blue, black with vivid touches for black. If they're apt to be pale, avoid a tone that will make them appear paler by comparison.

Be careful of too many vivid colors, particularly in bright patterns, if your features are irregular.

Make Color Work for You. Ordinarily, color should point to your head and face, as the centre of interest—climaxed in your hat, collar, scarf, etc. Unless you have good reason to do so, don't mass color emphasis below the waist. If your legs are particularly good, get stockings in the brighter or pinkier-rose tones to throw them into relief. If you're especially tall and slender, you can emphasize an enviable waistline by vivid widths of color, or put bands of bright tones around your hemlines—a fitting tribute to the coming designs for fall, by the way. If you have lovely tapering fingers and expressive hands, wide bands of color at your wrists, bracelets and vivid rings will throw them into relief. If your throat is swanlike, use necklaces or interesting, varicolored necklines to draw attention to it. If your hair is your good point, wear bows or bright flowers in it. The eye is a slave to color, and will follow it wherever you put it.

Color and Your Complexion. Your rouge should match your skin tones, with your lipstick following in a deeper tone. But since your choice of colors for your wardrobe should never quarrel with your skin, it will all work in like one big happy family. So if you choose your colors properly, you won't need to worry about make-up fighting with them. You'll notice that Her Majesty, in wearing those exquisite blues and mauves and greys she loves so, chose a pink and white, warm-toned make-up. And all her beige and grey tones were warmly rose-tinted. With browns, greys, blacks and beiges you need to heighten your color. With the vivid tones, keep it down. If you're going to wear the lovely tans, nutty browns, cyprus greens, and the gamut of tawny, orange-yellow tints that are coming up for fall, you'll want an undertone of orange in your rouge and lipstick for the new season.

Change Your Colors With Your Age. Finally, remember that your skin, hair and whole appearance change with the years. The clear, fresh colors you wore as a child gave way to delicate pastels for adolescence, sophisticated tints for young womanhood. So don't cling to baby blues or petal pinks when you should be getting new tones and values into your wardrobe in keeping with your more mature and developed personality. When the hair is greying, avoid browns and yellows and combinations of three or more shades. All will draw attention to your changing locks. Once you are really grey, with glowing rinses to keep your hair shining and silvery, you can go into a whole range of vivid colors you haven't worn for years—provided you've kept your skin in condition—and look simply stunning.

If you're wearing a print, be sure to choose a plain color for your accessories—one of the background colors in the dress. If you choose three colors for one ensemble, use one of them very sparingly—just a touch somewhere. For instance, with a nut-brown frock, shoes and hat, you might wear cyprus green in a scarf, bag and hat ornament, and just a bit of scarlet in a posy or hankie. Try flamingo with your black, this fall, rust with natural linen shade and a bit of turquoise. Bright red can be stunning with a new yellowy tan, if it's used in small quantities, and tobacco with white is one of the smartest of the late summer combinations. ☆

Do You Like Your Job?

Continued from page 3

psychology and public relations which simply stated, is just a way of finding out how to please people and make them like you or your firm.

I heard of one lad who went to work in a garage when he was seventeen, and became interested in car repairs. He made a list of the different things that went wrong with automobiles, and kept track of the various makes which seemed afflicted with certain ailments. Before he was twenty, he was considered quite an authority on repair jobs, and not long afterward he had charge of appraising used-car values for a large firm. By studying his job, he became more valuable to his employer.

There are few people in junior positions today who take the trouble to find out what their bosses read. Isn't it logical that if you want to get to the top, you should try to do some of the things the men at the top are doing?

Do you realize that in Canada alone there are over a hundred trade papers—regular weekly or monthly publications dealing with over a hundred

Do you Remember
WHEN WE WERE BORN . . . ?

1934—The Dionne Quins, born on May 28th, a miracle of modern medical science. Because of their premature birth, their skin was so sensitive that for months they were bathed only with *Olive Oil* . . . When the time came for their first soap and water bath, Dr. Dafoe decided that only Palmolive, the soap made with Olive Oil, was gentle enough for these precious babies!

1936—*"Only Palmolive!"* That's what Dr. Dafoe still says. This gentle soap made with Olive Oil is still the Quins' only bath and beauty soap. And these adorable baby girls, with their clear, healthy skin, so soft and smooth . . . what a tribute to Palmolive's purity and mildness.

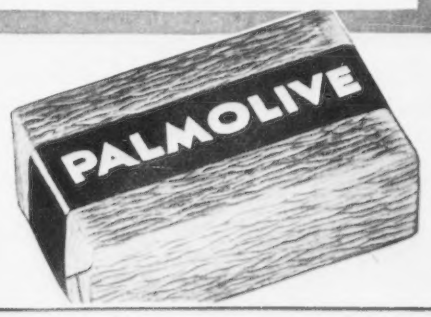
1937—*Growing lovelier* day by day! These five little beauties with their Schoolgirl Complexions" are a beauty lesson to women the world over! For *Palmolive,* made with Olive Oil, is still the only soap Dr. Dafoe permits these famous little girls to use!

1939—*Five years old* on May 28th! And during all these years they've never, *never* used any soap except Palmolive! What better proof could you have, dear Lady, that this gentle soap made from Olive and Palm Oils really is ideal for your own complexion, and for your children, too?

MADE WITH OLIVE OIL

That's why Dr. Dafoe found Palmolive gentlest for the Quins . . . and that's why it is ideal for *your* complexion, too!

TRY THE NEW IMPROVED PALMOLIVE



FASHION SHORTS

by KAY MURPHY

Have Yourself Some Sun Fun!

PEASANT DRESSES, full-skirted and knee length, are romping all over the beaches and playgrounds of the country. Denim, piqué, gingham, linen and cottons all are popular, in plain colors as well as bold patterns. Bands of contrastingly colored fabric give a rustic tone, as well as gaily colored embroidery . . .

—Slacks, with shirtwaist tops, very much to the fore, and shorts too. The farmer overall is also a leader with those seeking bucolic charm . . .

—'Chamberlains" (so-called because of England's Prime Minister's predilection for umbrella protection) is the amusing name given to slacks and shorts with matching parasols. Very tricky in denim, gingham and the other favored cottons . . .

—Sunbonnets—the real old-fashioned kind—a cute head covering for the beach. And rompers, grown-up versions of what the well-dressed two-year-old wears, are knocking 'em dead in the smarter sunspots. Saw a thrilling red and white gingham "romper and sunbonnet" outfit that would do any gal's heart good . . .

—The "faded blue" shade that was such a knockout for the past two summers is back again, but we call it "Loft blue" these days—and a close runner up is "Barn red," which is just as red as can be . . . In fact, red and white are two of the most notable color combinations seen here and there.

—Candy and Roman stripes are splashed all over the fashion horizon in both play togs as well as daytime clothes. Refreshing as a lollypop . . .

—Shantung for sports clothes is another old favorite that is showing up at playtime. Very satisfactory, as it's cool, easily washed and doesn't crumple up at a little activity.

**

A Storybook Queen!

I KNOW you'll like to hear what Fifth Avenue thought about our pretty Queen, and the clothes she wore during the brief Royal visit. The great stylists all had to admit that the queenly wardrobe was "elegant, pretty, dignified," but, they added, "definitely not smart." They agreed, however, that the Queen chose the clothes that best suited her dainty beauty and that she was very wise to stick to her type. The quality of the fabrics, the beauty of the colors, and the good taste of the accessories all impressed "those in the style know." The newspapermen, however, were all enthusiastic about the Queen's looks and outfits, and I think that is the greatest tribute we can pay—when men like a woman's clothes, be she Queen or a lesser light, then that woman is successfully dressed . . .

—The femininity of the Royal raiment has already had a definite influence on midsummer American styles. Parasols are in such demand that the manufacturers cannot keep up with their orders. Garden parties, a little bit passé down here in recent years, are suddenly *the* way to entertain, and the guests are arriving in long dresses, long gloves and large picture hats . . . all following the Elizabethan theme.

—The consensus of opinion, along Fifth Avenue, may be summed up in the following utterance of a leading American designer: "The Queen's graciousness and beauty will bring back a type of woman that has been obscured by the fashions of recent years—the elegant, graceful, feminine, ladylike woman."

—Blue, as you know, appeared the most frequently on the Queen. Six different shades, all on the light tones, were noted. Grey, pink and peach were other colors in her wardrobe, with pink, peach and white her choice for evening wear. As I told you a couple of months ago, many of her evening gowns were on the crinoline order, with very plain bodices, so as not to detract from her jewels and Orders . .

Around the Town

NOW YOU can wear necklaces with your shore clothes . . . saw some

☆ *Continued on page 49*

A NUGGET SHINE GOES PLACES

NUGGET YOUR SHOES DAILY

You're always in smart company when you shine your shoes with Nugget . . . and shoes last longer, too.

Black, Blue and all shades of Brown.

139

"It doesn't matter." Impulse overruled the hostility. He remained, sitting upright and unrelaxed, but made no further attempt to rise. She sat cautiously on the edge of one of the armchairs.

"Why can't you sleep?" she asked.

"I often can't." He spoke equally cautiously. "I often come down here."

"You mean, after we're in bed?"

"Yes."

"Do you stay long?" Her surprise deepened.

"Sometimes."

"And don't you feel tired next day?"

"Sometimes."

Despite his terseness, she had an odd feeling that he was not trying to be aloof or secretive. He had relaxed a little now, and he looked gravely and steadily at her. She did not know, of course, just what the firelight did to her face—how it brought out a glow and softness, and gave promise of the lovely woman that she would some day become. But suddenly, impulsively, she held out a biscuit.

"Here. Perhaps you're hungry too."

He took it just as gravely. "Thanks." He ate it in silence. Then he spoke again. He did not look at her, but stared intently into the firelight.

"I'm sorry I didn't offer to take you to that dance." Strangely, she had the impression that the question had been troubling him, and Eileen was frankly at a loss for an answer. She spoke finally, a trifle stiffly.

"No one expected you to take me. I'm sure I didn't want it."

For some time there was silence. Eileen sat motionless, the apple still clasped in her hand, uncertain whether to go or stay. Then he went on abruptly, as if somehow the words were forced from him against his will.

"You don't understand. You think I dislike you. But it's not the way you think . . . because of you. I told you, you couldn't help it. You can't help it if you remind me of . . . of someone I . . . don't want to think of."

That was odd too—how in the very moment when he admitted again that he disliked her, for whatever involved reason, she had an impulse to reach over and touch him . . . even to tell him that she understood. She didn't understand. She had no idea of the dark emotions surging through him. But she did understand that he was young and terribly alone with some frightening reflection—and in a rush of sympathy it overwhelmed her own more personal feelings of resentment. She even leaned forward a little. Just as sharply he moved back.

"Don't! Don't ask me any questions about it!" His voice was tense. "Talk about anything else you want to, and I'll answer you, or listen. But leave that alone."

So. After all, it was some sort of girl trouble. Eileen felt her heart quicken. Or was it ordinary trouble? She still could not tell—and she could not ask. Desperately, she racked her brains for something calm and sensible to say.

"What . . . what do you plan to be? I mean . . . a profession?" she stammered at length. She knew at once that it had not been a wise choice. But he answered almost immediately.

"I was going to be a lawyer."

"And . . . now you're not?"

"No."

MADAM — PLEASE ACCEPT THIS LOVELY GIFT!

A Generous Box of

LOUIS PHILIPPE FACE POWDER

Plus a Genuine

"ASEPTIPUFF"

(THE ANTISEPTIC PURSE PUFF)

ABSOLUTELY FREE

With Your Regular Purchase of a

LOUIS PHILIPPE LIPSTICK

AT YOUR DRUGGIST'S TODAY!

Offer good Only in July and August, 1939

Be Sure to Ask for it!

Pardon Me for Bragging—

The Life of the Party

—just at the time I expected to be miserable! But Kotex Sanitary Napkins saved me because they're made with layer after layer of soft, filmy tissue. One after another these layers absorb and distribute moisture *throughout* the napkin and so check damp, chafing edges.

The Smartest Move I ever made

—if I do say so myself, was when I changed to Kotex Sanitary Napkins with patented pressed ends. I never dreamed I could get rid of that unbearable bulky feeling . . . but those special Kotex pressed ends relieved my embarrassment at once!

The Girls Gave me a Hand

—when I proved to them that the idea of the same size napkin for days of varying needs was old fashioned! Because with 3 sizes of Kotex Sanitary Napkins—Regular, Junior and Super—it's now a simple matter for every woman to meet her individual needs from day to day.

All 3 Types at the Same Low Price

KOTEX* SANITARY NAPKINS

(*Trade Mark Reg.)

Better Say Kotex—Better for You

Everybody
LOOKS AT YOUR LEGS!

RINSE OFF UNSIGHTLY HAIR
This Quick, Easy Way!

Well-groomed legs are hair-free legs . . . dainty, smooth and feminine! Keep *your* legs and arms always *lovely*. Remove ugly hair as millions of women do—the easy NEET way.

NEET is the famous cream that you spread on unwanted hair . . . then simply rinse it off with water. That's *all* you do. NEET gently, quickly removes hair—and leaves your skin soft, smooth as satin.

NEET *leaves your legs like velvet*

Avoid Bristly Razor Stubble

There are no sharp hair stubs to snag your stockings, and no danger of cuts with NEET. The new knee-length skirts make legs more important than ever. With stockings or without . . . *your legs look lovelier when they are free from hair.* Get NEET *today!* At drug and department stores. Generous trial size at all 15-cent counters.

NEET Just Rinse Off Unsightly Hair

kinds of jobs? There's a paper for the soda fountain, telling new ideas in that line, with new recipes for better confections. There's a power engineering paper, telling what is new in the field of engineering. There's a magazine on air-conditioning—there are weekly papers for storekeepers with new ideas about window dressing and display. Our libraries are stocked with books on almost every type of business. Yet few of us spend our time studying them.

IT IS encouraging to realize that few successes are the result of outstanding ability. While ability is undoubtedly an advantage, it takes second place to perseverance. One doesn't need ability to be willing—and we all know of instances in which supremely gifted people lost out simply because they flashed ahead too quickly, without the perseverance which brings more lasting success.

There is a great difference between ambition, and impatience at not getting ahead quickly enough. I am told that department stores have a lot of trouble with certain types of employees who want to be put into executive positions, after clerking for six months. Learning a business is usually a slow process. In banking and insurance companies we find young people frequently spending years on the way up—yet, in both these fields, there are numerous opportunities for responsible people who have proved themselves in the ranks.

Often we hear people lamenting because they aren't making more money after being in a job six—sixteen—maybe twenty-six years. Has it ever occurred to you that sometimes the job isn't worth more money? We've always to bear in mind that we've got to be worth more to the job.

A university graduate came to see me the other day. She wanted to get into business through the channel of stenography (secretarial work she called it, not realizing that no one is ever a secretary without being a jolly good stenographer first). She had made the mistake of failing to complete her business course. To use her own words, "I type—and can take dictation a little. But I don't want to be just a stenographer." As it turned out, she was so slow, and made so many mistakes in typing that she couldn't begin to compete with the average junior right out of school. Yet, with her good educational background, she was belittling the need to do the simple job well. There is no use going out to look for a job when you're only half-baked! If you're looking for a start in business through stenography, be sure you are good at it.

One reason a lot of business executives demand experienced help is the fact that inexperienced people so often think they have time to do a job over again. Stenographers make mistakes in letters and then recopy them. One thing we have to remember is that time is the only thing with which we have to work. Once an hour is gone, we can't get it back. More juniors have lost the opportunity to get or hold a job because they don't realize the necessity of being right the first time.

The thing to bear in mind is that you make the job. The job doesn't make you. ☆

Clear, Soothe TIRED EYES*

Only **TWO DROPS** of this eye specialist's formula are needed to **SOOTHE** and **REFRESH** dull, tired eyes . . . Its special **EXCLUSIVE** ingredient **CLEARS** eyes red and inflamed *(from late hours, fatigue, driving, overindulgence, etc.).

Thousands prefer stainless, sanitary, safe **EYE-GENE**, because it is quickly **EFFECTIVE** in making **EYES FEEL GOOD. WASH** your eyes with **EYE-GENE** today. On sale at drug, department and ten-cent stores.

Tested and Approved Good Housekeeping Bureau

USE EYE-GENE

Oriental Cream
GOURAUD

The Cream to protect the skin before the long, hard game. No worry about sunburn or shiny skin.

White, Flesh, Rachel, Sun-Tan

Which Ink Would You Rather Spill on Your Rug?

Make up your mind now that ink will be spilled on your rug sooner or later. It happens in every home. Unless you throw your old ink away and get WASHABLE *Quink*, your rugs are in danger of being ruined.

The Parker Fountain Pen Co. spent $68,000 to develop this amazing new ink that soap and water wash from hands, clothes and rugs without trace. Not only is *Quink* the *safest* ink for home and school, but also it does what no other ink can do: It cleans a pen as it writes—a Parker Pen or any other—because it contains a secret harmless ingredient that dissolves sediment left by pen-clogging inks. Also, *Quink* dries 31% faster ON PAPER, yet will NOT dry in a pen. Always rich, brilliant—never watery.

Parker *Quink* is made two ways—WASHABLE and PERMANENT. The PERMANENT is for everlasting records—will not wash out. But for home and school, get WASHABLE *Quink* today at any store selling ink. 15c, 25c and up.

Parker *Quink*

Made by
The Parker Fountain Pen Co., Limited, Toronto.

Life Sentence

Continued from page 16

So naturally they left it at that—all of them. And if they couldn't help resenting Douglas for his unnatural aloofness, they couldn't help admiring him for a physical endurance that gave so much and asked for nothing. All except Eileen, who would not admit any admiration. For pride can do a great deal to a girl's heart.

Young Brian, in candid brotherly fashion, did not help matters over the supper table, when the subject of a dance at Rockdale, three miles away, was brought up. Terry expressed strong desire to go, and Eileen's eyes became eager.

"Then take me too!" she begged. "Terry, I won't bother you once we're there. I know lots of the girls, and even if I don't dance much, I'd love to watch."

"We'll see," said Terry enigmatically, and Brian cut in. "How do you know he wants you? I bet he's got a little dame of his own. Why don't you look nicely at Douglas, and he might unbend and take you?"

Brian grinned a little, knowing that was a bold thrust, and he carefully ignored glances from around the table as he watched Douglas. Eileen's face grew hot.

"No, thanks," she said crisply, and dropped the subject of the dance at once. Douglas looked sharply at Eileen, and for an instant it seemed as if words were on the very verge of utterance. Then he looked down at his plate, and did not speak at all, or even appear to notice what was being said.

"He sure blushed when I said that about you," Brian confided to Eileen later. He was astounded to receive a hearty cuff on the top of his head.

"And if you dare try any more funny tricks you'll get another!" she said furiously.

"Hey!" complained the boy, aggrieved. "What did I ever . . . hey, Eileen, what's wrong!"

"Oh—shut up," said Eileen ungraciously, and in choked tones. To his astonishment she rushed from the room, and did not join the others all evening.

THE RESULT was that Eileen felt both ill-used and hungry after the others had gone to bed, and she slipped downstairs. The fire was still glowing brightly, and with apple and biscuits in hand, she moved softly into the front room. Almost at once, something stirred. "Bruno, here, boy!" she spoke softly. "What are you doing inside?"

"It's not Bruno." Immediately a dark figure stretched on the rug, sat up. She saw that it was Douglas. She saw his eyes, dark and wide awake, in the glow.

Sheer surprise startled a civil question. "Douglas Lee—why aren't you in bed?"

Perhaps similar surprise brought a civil answer.

"I didn't feel like sleeping." When neither moved, he added. "Why aren't you in bed?"

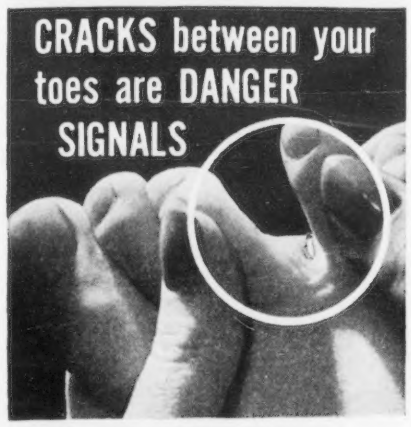
Eileen spoke in a slightly hesitant way, as if she did not know whether to be hostile or polite. "I was hungry. I came in here to eat something."

He stirred, and would have risen. "I'm in your way."

Hot Steaming Feet invite a siege of ATHLETE'S FOOT

WHEN SCORCHING PAVEMENTS, hot shoes soak your feet in perspiration, they're regular hotbeds for torturing Athlete's Foot.

CRACKS between your toes are DANGER SIGNALS



ATHLETE'S FOOT GERMS breed in this perspiration. When the damp skin cracks, the germ gets right in. Then toes get red and itchy—skin peels off in patches, leaving raw soreness—Athlete's Foot.

Drench them at ONCE—

At the first sign of a crack between your toes—splash on Absorbine Jr. freely! Apply it full strength every night and morning.

1. It *dries* the skin between the toes.
2. It dissolves the perspiration products on which Athlete's Foot fungi thrive.
3. A powerful fungicide, it kills Athlete's Foot fungi on contact.
4. It soothes and helps heal the broken tissues.
5. It relieves the itching, pain of Athlete's Foot.

Guard against re-infection. Boil socks 15 minutes. Disinfect shoes. In advanced cases, consult your doctor in addition to using Absorbine Jr.

Absorbine Jr. $1.25 a bottle at all druggists.

ABSORBINE JR.

Kills ATHLETE'S FOOT fungi on contact

Also QUICK RELIEF for:

- Sore, Aching Muscles
- Tired, Burning Feet
- Bites of Mosquitoes and other Small Insects

Sample Bottle FREE! Write W. F. Young, Inc., Lyman Building, Montreal, Canada.

Goodbye FRECKLES

Send for this true story of a freckled girl's life. Learn how her skin freckled easily — how her homely freckles made her miserable at fourteen — how she gave up hope of ever being popular socially, until one day she saw a Stillman's ad.

She purchased a jar of Stillman's Freckle Cream. Used it nightly. Her ugly embarrassing freckles soon disappeared, leaving her skin clear, soft, smooth and beautiful.

FOR Free BOOKLET

Write—The Stillman Co. 64 Wellington St. W., Toronto, Ont., Can., Dept. 391

Stillman's FRECKLE CREAM 69¢

according to modern standards, one of the least striking girls there. Her hair was scarcely curly. There was no touch of rouge on her delicate face, and her dress, pale green, was simple and child-like. The O'Haras really knew very little of the outside world. But Douglas did not even seem to see any other girls. He looked only at her eyes.

"Eileen, you're beautiful," he said very softly—and he took her in his arms.

That was an unforgettable dance, for Douglas seemed to carry her away into another magic world. No other dance that evening could compare with it. But she did not see Douglas again, and presently, growing worried, she went outside. She found him, sitting alone on a bench in a quiet corner of the verandah. Once she would not have dared to speak. Now his words, "you're beautiful," gave her courage. She became almost the gay, chattersome girl she had been the first night of his arrival.

"Douglas, what are you doing here? Aren't you coming in?"

He shook his dark head. "I'm all right here."

At his tone the gaiety died, and she caught her breath a little. "Don't you like it?"

"Not very much." He went on, slowly. "I . . . haven't been to a dance since . . . since the night I don't want to remember. That's why, even in spite of you, Eileen, I can't like it!"

She caught a note of desperation. Suddenly indignation filled her voice.

"Did she hurt you a great deal, Douglas?"

He looked up sharply. "Did who?"

"That . . . that girl."

"What girl?"

"The one . . . who looked like me."

Douglas suddenly drew a deep, unsteady breath. "My . . . my heavens, it isn't what she did to me! It's what I did!" He stared then, in a startled way, as if he realized he had said the irrevocable at last. Eileen stepped back, frightened at his glance.

'What . . . you did?"

He rose sharply. "Eileen I . . . I killed her!"

And then, even in the absolute, horror-stricken silence that followed that, there came a rush of voices. Two young fellows dashed up from the direction of the railway.

"We want volunteers!" they were saying breathlessly. "There's been a terrific rockslide and it's trapped two men. It's trapped Terry O'Hara!"

"Terry." Douglas sprang forward, well ahead of a score of others who tumbled without a second's hesitation from the dance hall.

IT WAS a terrific slide, giving no hope of permitting trains to pass for hours—and what could even fifty strong, willing men do to try and save anyone buried in that? What could Douglas do except make a nuisance of himself in a desperate attempt to be helpful? He followed a white-faced Mr. O'Hara about, clutching his arm. "Look, sir, get all the equipment you want, from anywhere. I know my dad would want you to."

At last the man turned, with equally desperate patience. "Look, son, I've handled slides from before the time

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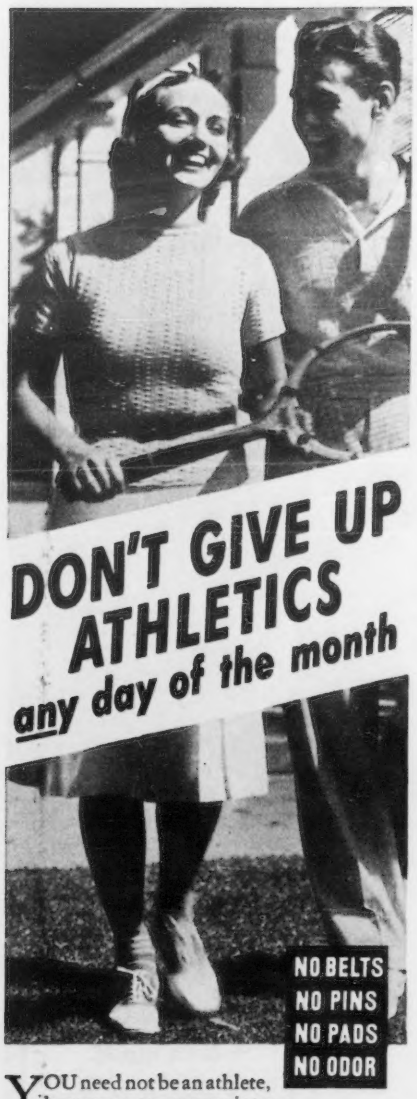

YOU need not be an athlete, however, to appreciate what a blessing Tampax is to all classes of women—housewives, travelers, students, business girls. The Tampax principle of internal absorption, long known to doctors, has already led women by the million to throw off old restrictions and adopt this new method of monthly sanitary protection.

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"Why not?" Somehow she knew that if she did not ask him tonight, she would never have the opportunity. He would retreat into his silence. And at first she thought he would not answer. When he did, it was almost as if she were not there.

"Because . . . I have no business to condemn others." That was all, and it brought her a sense of chill. It was a chill she could not understand.

"Condemn others . . . for what?" Her voice was low.

He spoke, equally low. "For things . . . I might have done myself."

He was leaning forward, hands tight across his knees, and breathing in a quick, heavy way. Eileen leaned forward breathlessly.

"Douglas, what could you have done . . . that could be so dreadful?"

Douglas did not move. He stared straight into the fire, with dark wide eyes, and his heavy breathing was stilled to something almost inaudible. Suddenly Eileen knew a stifling sense of fright. Douglas had done something. She knew that now. There was something, as her mother once had said, worse than girl trouble there. The silence grew until it seemed that there was not a sound but the rapid thudding of her heart. It grew until she could not sit there any longer. Until she rose and softly left the room.

And all that night she tossed and turned, wondering just what had frightened her, and wondering if she should have stayed.

THAT WAS a conversation Eileen never mentioned, and Douglas did not refer to it again. In fact, if he had ignored Eileen before, he avoided her now, and they were all quite unprepared for what happened on the night of the dance.

That was the night, after heavy rains, when the slides began to come down. Mr. O'Hara and Terence were called out—the slides were not bad then, but persistent—to clear the way for the midnight train. Terry saw the disappointment in his sister's eyes at the supper table, and he sounded genuinely disturbed.

"Look, Eileen, it may not be so much trouble. If I can get off with the handcar, I will. Even if it's late, we'll go." It was then they heard Douglas' voice. In fact, if the truth were known, he looked as surprised as the others.

"Eileen, I can't offer you a handcar. But if they don't need me on the tracks, and if you're willing to walk with me, I'll be very pleased to take you."

There was a moment's complete silence. A silence that must have been as agonizing for Douglas as for Eileen. She simply roared at him, and her face was white. "But . . . but . . . !" Her voice was drowned in a sudden roar of enthusiasm from the entire family. A boy asking a girl to a dance! That was a simple, natural thing that they could understand.

"Of course we can spare you," Terry said heartily. "What do you think you are, anyway!"

Mr O'Hara looked frankly delighted. "Go right along, lad. You're no slave of the Company." Under cover of the tumult, Eileen looked across the table at Douglas.

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"You just said that because you felt you had to. You don't really want to go." Perhaps she did not actually say it after all, but her glance unmistakably implied the thought. Douglas leaned forward a little.

"I do want to." He said that quite distinctly. Nevertheless, his face was whiter than her own. It escaped notice then, and only the sudden radiance in Eileen's eyes caught their attention. But Mrs. O'Hara came to him when they were ready to go. She straightened his tie—she had never touched him before. After all, tonight when he had done this for her daughter, she could forgive him anything. Besides, there had been times when, despite his aloofness and unbearable hauteur, she had longed to touch him.

"My goodness, child, you look as nervous as if you'd never stepped out before!" she said reprovingly. "It's time you did something of the sort. You've been shutting yourself away too long."

"Thank you," was all he said, referring obviously to the tie. Then he looked at her a moment gravely. "You're kind," he added, and he was evidently referring to something far deeper than the tie. "I'll . . . be very careful of Eileen." He said that solemnly.

She gave his arm a light pat, not knowing why suddenly her throat felt tight.

"Don't talk nonsense," she said briskly. "What do you think you are . . . a menace!" His lips tightened a moment in a queer, set line. "Now be off, and enjoy yourselves."

Douglas looked totally unlike a person setting off to enjoy himself. He took Eileen's arm as they walked down the track. "In case you slip," he said quietly, as if to excuse himself. But that was queer too, for Eileen knew he had held girls' arms before; and she knew too, with a rise of color, that she had given no sign of not wanting him to touch her. He was so quiet that presently the curious sense of happiness at that contact vanished. She felt uncertain and wretched. Strange—that where she had hated him once for his silences, she did not hate him now. Only she did not know what to do—or say.

Douglas finally broke the silence. "Eileen . . . !" Just as abruptly he stopped. Her voice was eager at the very relief of hearing his.

"Yes."

But again came silence. "No, never mind. It's all right," was all he said at length. But encouraged a little, Eileen ventured further question.

"Are you shy about meeting people?"

"No."

"Do you wish you hadn't come?"

"Maybe." He added, quickly. "But not because of you, Eileen."

She sounded troubled, for once again she felt his unspoken desire for companionship, and there was still some barrier she could not penetrate. "Douglas, I don't understand."

"I know. But . . . if I ever did tell you . . ."

"Tell me what?"

"I'd never tell you." He spoke suddenly, so decisively that she was completely hushed. In fact, that was all until the first dance. Eileen came to him shyly. Eileen was probably,

paused. What Douglas had to tell, they should all know—and judge.

"It . . . was after a dance." He was looking straight ahead. "There were six of us in the car, and we were in pretty wild spirits. We'd all had something to drink—and I was driving." His voice was mechanical. "Someone said to me, 'What's the idea, is this a funeral?' I saw we were doing fifty. I said, 'Well, then, how's this!' and stepped on the gas. That's the sort of fool I was. We came to a corner, and all at once the wheel wouldn't turn . . ."

He broke off with a choked exclamation that made them see how often that moment had lived in his memory. No one spoke.

"I don't know how the five of us escaped." He drew a deep breath. "But the girl beside me didn't. She was young and good, and . . . and lovely like Eileen, and if she was reckless that night it was because we'd made her that way. She . . . had no chance at all. She was thrown against the window and . . . and I can't tell you any more about that . . . but it was ghastly!" After a moment he went on in a very low voice. "And . . . I got off. My people had money and good lawyers, and it was proved—truly, I mean—that something went wrong. Only . . . even if it might have happened any time . . . at a different speed, I might have been able to have done something!"

"I got off—yes. That's the trouble. I shouldn't have. My own people feel sick when they look at me. I know they do." He faced Mrs. O'Hara squarely, then, with a calm born of sheer despair. "And her people were right when they said I was unfit for society, and the whole plan of justice was wrong when human life was so cheap that wanton . . . murderers like me . . . didn't even have to suffer for it!"

He had not quite finished. He went on, even though they could see the sweat standing out on his brow with the effort. "I'm not fit for society. I know that. That's why I tried not to mix with you—even when I felt I'd go crazy if I didn't. should have told you—only I knew you'd hate me and wouldn't want me around. I've got to get out now . . . go to sea or something . . . get right away! I'm not fit to live . . . " he repeated a little wildly, in that hushed stillness. He was trembling as if with intense chill.

Then Mrs. O'Hara's voice came unexpectedly, brisk and sensible.

"Douglas Lee, stop talking nonsense and pull yourself together. Eileen, stop staring, and get the boy a hot drink. Of course you're fit to live if you've got the sense to go the right way about it."

He looked at her blankly, for there was none of the shock he had expected. "You . . . you don't think I was to blame?"

"Of course you were to blame." There was no mistaking that. She did not see fit to mention, however, that she thought his parents had a good share of the blame . . . they and all other parents who equipped their sons with high-powered cars and small sense of values to go with them—and then retired into grief-stricken helplessness and condemnation afterward, when help was needed most. Nor did she preach the age-old consolation that he had saved a life for that which he had lost. "You were careless and reckless, and you caused a terrible thing to happen, that you'll never be able to eradicate. You alone will know what that tragedy will cost you. But you've got other things to think of, too. You've got those who care for you to consider—and your own future to build."

Eileen came close with the hot drink. Her young voice was solemn. "Mother, he told me he couldn't be a lawyer now—because he says he couldn't condemn others . . ."

"Nonsense." There was no uncertainty there, either. "He could condemn others, when they needed condemning. And he could help others, when they needed help. Douglas Lee," she said firmly to that boy's white face. "Don't be too sure it was just money that got you off. Don't be so sure someone didn't understand the fact that the good and the honesty that lie beneath the foolishness of your youth was something to be saved—not destroyed. Why, with all of that behind you, you've got the biggest incentive in the world to grab courage and determination in both your hands, and work for good and safety and justice!" Her brave words stopped abruptly, and she met his glance challengingly. Just for a minute his glance held—and then something else happened.

Sheila stepped forward—the youngest of the O'Haras. In her small face there was not condemnation—but something different. She laid her hand over his clenched fist.

"Douglas, I dropped something on a kitten once, by accident—and I killed it. I know how you feel." Douglas, looked at her an instant, and he tried to speak. Then he turned blindly to Mrs. O'Hara.

"Stop her . . . please! I . . . I can't . . ." She caught him then, and held him protectively, so that his face was hidden. There was no mistaking the command in her voice, even if it was not quite steady.

"Oh, go to bed, the lot of you, and leave the child alone." For a moment or so she held him as closely as if he were her own. And then she drew a shaken breath.

"Now come, we've had enough for tonight. Eileen, make the boy drink that while it's hot. I'm going to bed—and see he gets there himself, in a few minutes. And good gracious, what's the matter with you, I'd like to know!"

"I . . . I don't know." Eileen tried to smile at her mother, despite the tears. "I think I'm just glad Douglas knows we don't hate him."

And then they were alone—and when finally the hot drink had gone where it belonged, Douglas looked at Eileen steadily and gravely.

"Eileen, I guess I must have been sent to a family like yours for some reason—for a reason like tonight. I know now I can go back and face things . . . and I'll never rest until I make myself some use to the world."

Just for a moment Eileen sat very still. "But . . . will you perhaps come here again, some day?"

He reached out, and for an instant then, his fingers tightened about hers. And for the very first time a real smile touched his face. "Eileen . . . you've asked me a pack of foolish questions ever since I came here . . . but that's the most foolish one of all!"☆

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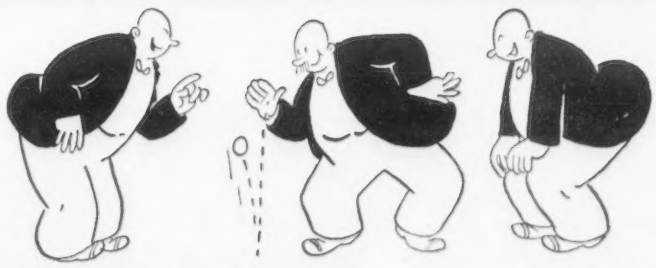

The Morning After Taking Carter's Little Liver Pills

That party put me on the front page!

"Hurry!"—the editor barked. "You're covering that Van Dyke blow-out tonight!" It was my big chance . . . but I could have cried. "Why"—I wailed inwardly, "does Avis Van Dyke have to bow to society *tonight!*"

I stopped just long enough to phone my roommate. "Elsie"—I begged—"be a lamb and press my green dress. I'm reporting a deb party tonight and, honestly, I'm so chafed and irritable I could scream!"

"All set"—Elsie greeted me gaily, waving a blue box. "Dress pressed . . . velvet wrap brushed . . . and a gift that will give you blissful relief! Take it, ducky—it's Modess—my new discovery—and the greatest boon to womankind ever invented!"

I must have looked skeptical, for she flew for the scissors and cut a Modess pad in two! "That," she said, thrusting a handful of soft, fluffy filler toward me, "is what is in Modess! That's why it doesn't chafe!"

"And what's more," continued Elsie, "it's *safer!* Watch . . ." And she took the moisture-resistant backing from inside a Modess pad and dropped water on it. To my amazement not a drop went through!

So—off I went, cheery as a cricket. I buzzed around, writing about fabulous jewels, champagne, and divine Paris dresses . . . with never a moment's worry . . . nor a single moment of chafing discomfort. And—wrote a story that even an old hand could be proud of!

"Whee! On the front page and signed!" shrieked Elsie, brandishing the paper the next day. "You owe it all to Little Goody Two-Shoes who told you about Modess! And think," she added, "soft, *fluff-type* Modess costs no more than those *layer-type* pads we used to buy!"

Modess *Softer! Safer!*

you were born. I know when it's hopeless. We can't hurry the equipment." His voice grew thick. "I saw my boy with my own eyes, standing on the tracks when the slide came . . ."

Douglas wheeled about. "Then . . . then why is everyone working on or above the tracks?" he persisted with the clarity of vision that sometimes comes to the outsider. "How do you know something didn't hit him, and he wasn't sent right down the lower bank?" Without another word he plunged from the lantern-lighted tracks to the darkness below.

Naturally, Douglas wasn't the first who had thought of that, but he was the most unflagging. And—incredible as it seemed—with the aid of his bare hands and a box of matches he found Terry. At least, he found Terry's legs, and shouted—and they frantically worked and dug the boy from a pile of loose debris. He lay quite limp and still, but he had a faint, steady heartbeat. They got him on the speeder, and to the nearest doctor, twenty miles away. There they left him, and finally Mr. O'Hara and Douglas returned to an anxious family.

"He'll be all right." Mr. O'Hara put an arm about his wife and held her close. Then he patted her shoulder. "Now, now, mother, it's all right." He straightened. "And I've got to get right back on the job. But we'll keep this boy at home, and see he gets to bed. He's all in." Douglas sat limply in a chair by the table and stared almost blankly ahead. Both men were desperately weary, but Douglas looked even worse than that. His face and hands were cut and scratched, and his clothes and hair were caked with dirt and mud. Before he left, Mr. O'Hara laid a hand upon his shoulder.

"It's not easy to say, son, but I reckon you alone saved my boy's life . . . . and I'm as proud of you as if you were my own!"

Douglas did not move. "Terry's the sort . . . who ought to live," he said oddly.

As soon as her husband had gone, Mrs. O'Hara came close. "Good gracious, just look at you!" But Douglas jerked away.

"Don't touch me." He nodded toward Eileen. Eileen, still in her dance dress, stood motionless by the table. Her wide dark eyes had not left Douglas' face. "She . . . knows why."

Mrs. O'Hara looked at the girl. And suddenly Eileen found her voice.

"Douglas I . . . I don't believe it," she said breathlessly. "Whatever it was, it was something you couldn't help. I know it was."

Douglas met her unfaltering glance. "I'll never forget you said that, Eileen." His voice was low. Then he straightened and gripped the edge of the table with his battered hands, as if defying anyone to come nearer.

"You've got to believe me!" His voice was harsh. "I wasn't sent out here because I was ordinarily sick. I was sent out here because my people wanted me to get away. I'd brought such trouble to them they . . . they wanted to be alone. I was sent . . . because I'd been responsible for a girl's life!"

"Oh!" A startled gasp came from one of the children. Mrs. O'Hara made a move as if to send them to bed, then

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That Lettuce Look in Sheers...

IF SHE'S the kind of girl who stays wiltless through the dog days, it's ten to one she's wearing a sheer. Have at least one printed or dark-colored, thin-fabric frock in your summer wardrobe. It will be the one you'll snatch at when you come in moist and drooping in a once-white outfit, looking for something fresh to slip on. Especially if you have a date on your mind and a quick change is indicated.

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The lighter moments of your vacation definitely call for something like No. 3061. Get a flowerpot posy print on a pastel ground—wine on pale yellow, or navy on pink.

Don't suffer in the heat because you're not a size 16! Number 3083 is the coolest of creations for the not-so-slim. Try it in a deep, fresh mint green, or cool midnight blue. And a gay and lazy-looking print, black and white, or lilac and rose, would make No. 3066 perfect for everything from a tea date at the golf club to a midsummer wedding.

Pattern descriptions on page 47.

Simplicity Patterns may be obtained from your local dealer, or by mail through the Pattern Department of Chatelaine Magazine, 481 University Avenue, Toronto.

don't lose out on *Popularity-Romance* this summer

Perspiration odour in dresses — as in undies — ruins charm! Use Lux *often*

NOTHING spoils charm more completely than a hint of perspiration odour in your pretty frock! To be charming this summer — go Luxable! Buy Luxable dresses and *use Lux often!*

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Compare Luxing with cleaning bills — you'll see how much it saves! Unless the water is hard, you can Lux a dress or sweater for less than a penny. In hard water, just a bit more Lux softens the water, gives you abundant suds. It's economical to buy the BIG box.

Lux removes perspiration odour *completely* — keeps dresses new-looking longer — it's *thrifty*

What Everyone Wants to Know!

Continued from page 13

for a month in chambrettes, which can hardly be described as a state of luxury.

Is it true that the Correspondents who accompanied the Royal Party led a very lively, not to say riotous existence?

It is decidedly *not* true. The correspondents who travelled on the Pilot Train were too busy, and engaged in too highly competitive an undertaking, to have time or energy for any extensive social activities. Moreover, the type of correspondent chosen for this job was, in nine cases out of ten, enough in itself to guarantee that no unseemly conduct would result. Many of the best men and women in the profession were among the seventy-five correspondents assigned to the Royal Tour. Their actions left nothing to be desired, and Their Majesties were quite sincere in their statements of appreciation for the consideration shown on all occasions by the ladies and gentlemen of the Press. And for the benefit of those who are accustomed to think and speak critically of Americans, it might be added that the behavior of the correspondents from the United States was, if any distinction can be made, even more impeccable than that of the British or Canadians, themselves.

IN ADDITION to such personal questions, there seems to be an insatiable curiosity with regard to the various details of the Royal itinerary and the local programs. Most of the questions that are asked are such as these: What city put on the best program? Which Provincial Premier made the best impression? What did Their Majesties think of Mayor Blank? To some of these questions we shall never know the answers; to others, no two observers would return the same replies. It might be of interest, however, to try to answer some of the simpler queries by indicating a few of the more memorable occurrences of the Royal Journey. These selections, of course, must be accepted as simple statements of personal opinion, and the opinion of this observer is not necessarily the same as the opinion of Their Majesties.

The most effective displays of massed and enthusiastic humanity were—in chronological order—

Windsor Square, Montreal, where 50,000 people greeted the appearance of Their Majesties on the hotel balcony, by singing "God Save the King;" the solemn, then suddenly enthusiastic, multitude at the Unveiling of the National War Memorial in Ottawa; the children in Riverdale Park at Toronto; the flood-lit thousands in the station yard at Brandon; the rain-soaked crowd on the hillside at Revelstoke; the four miles of solidly packed bleachers along Portage Avenue in Edmonton; the admirable night display at poverty-stricken little Melville; the uncountable masses of humanity along the right-of-way at Windsor; the unexpected and extraordinary display

☆ *Continued on page 36*

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Instantly Relieve Pain—Stop Discomfort Wherever Shoes Rub, Press or Pinch!

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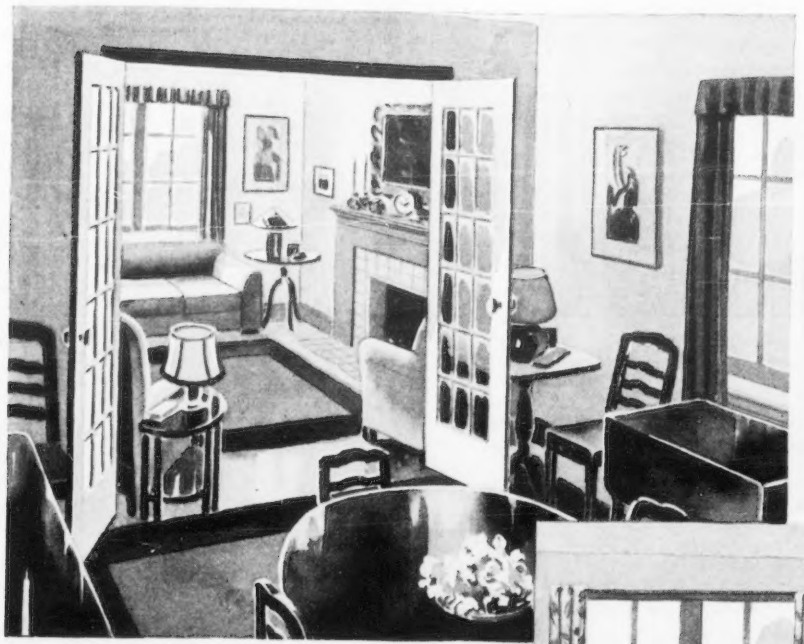
YOUR HOME

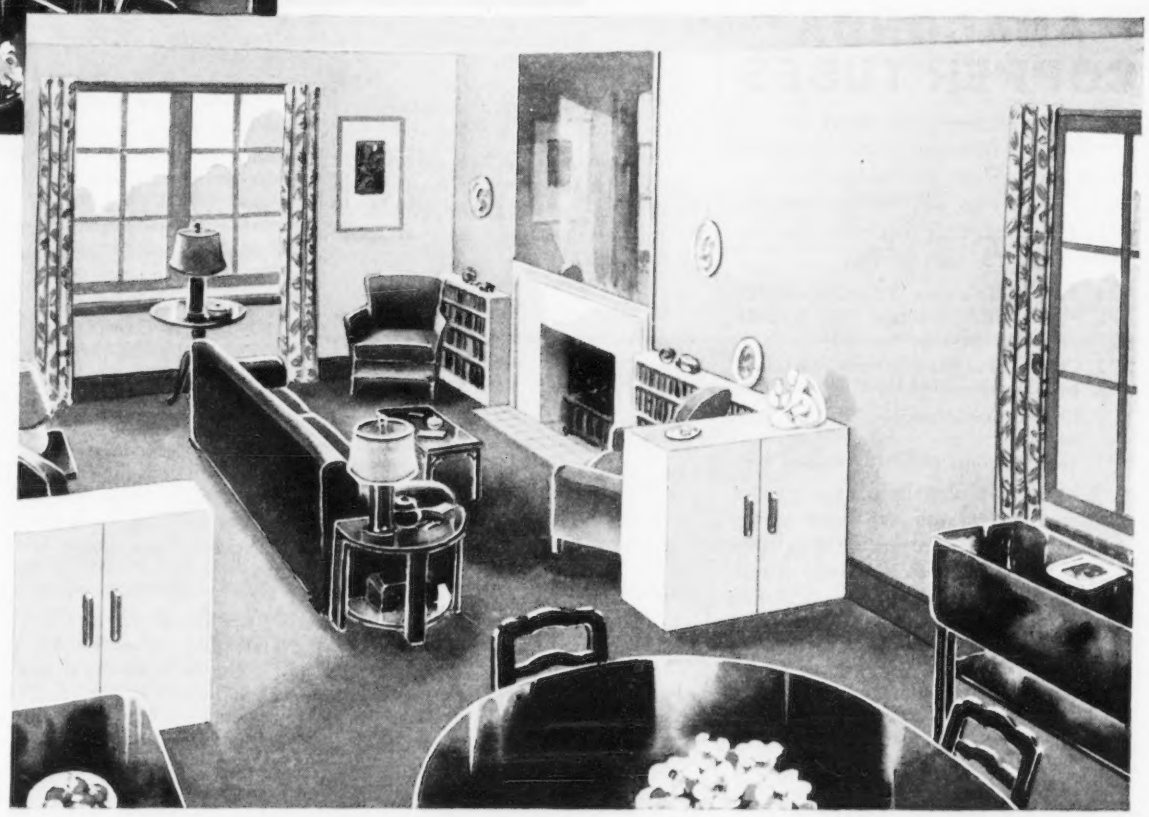
Editor: EVAN PARRY, F.R.A.I.C.

A DEPARTMENT FOR HOUSE PLANNING, DECORATING AND FURNISHING



Living room and dining room in a traditional small house. Light, air and comfort at a minimum, with hardly room enough to swing a cat.

Same rooms with partition removed, fireplace remodelled, new cabinets and bookcases. Regrouping of furniture, all contributing to make these rooms better fitted for living in comfort, convenience and ease.



Open Wide the Living Room

by EVAN PARRY, F.R.A.I.C.

THE PROBLEM which confronts a family when the living room and dining room are too small, is one which is submitted again and again by our readers. It seems to be as common as holes in doughnuts.

These sketches illustrate what can be achieved in a typical small home, at a very moderate cost. Strange, but true, these are the same rooms. The furniture, with one or two small additions, is the same, but grouped differently.

The most important change, is the removal of the partition and doors between the two rooms, and the substitution of low cabinets and shelves. I cannot give you an estimate of the cost, because prices vary so much in different parts of the Dominion. But with the aid of a carpenter it can be achieved at a comparatively small outlay, particularly if you do your own decorating—or most of it.

The rearrangement of furniture and a planned color scheme bring a new distinction to the rooms and increase the effect of space.

The chesterfield is grouped in front of the fireplace, for winter use—with a new coffee table and an end table with lamp. Imagine how comfy the two armchairs would be—one on either side of the fireplace, with the books and radio close at hand.

The fireplace surround, the large mirror, bookcases and cabinets, are all new—and can be inexpensively built in with your carpenter's aid.

The drapes for the windows are lengthened to the floor, giving greater height to the room. The floors of both living room and dining room would be ideal covered with broadloom carpet, or one-toned linoleum laid up to baseboard, as this would make the floor space seem twice as large.

BUT LET us examine what is involved in this worth-while remodelling scheme.

First of all, find out if the partition between the living room and dining room is a bearing partition—supports the joists of the floor above. If so, a beam strong enough to support the load must be inserted before removing the partition. This beam must have suitable support at either end—outer wall and cross wall in hall if strong enough to take the load.

If there is any doubt, wood posts should be inserted to act as supports at either end, and bedded on foundations from the basement.

Having assured yourself upon this point, and the necessary work done to support the floor and perhaps the partition above, remove the partition between dining and living room. Make good the plaster of walls and ceiling, and the wood floor which has been disturbed.

Next, build two dwarf cabinets, with vertical divisions. Fit both sides of division with shelves. This will give you space for books and radio in the living room, and space for china in the dining room. The cabinets can be built of plywood and finished to match the woodwork of the room.

Now for the fireplace. Remove the mantelpiece and tiling, and replace with plain molded wood trim and fire-resisting plastic or metal surround, finished at edge of opening of fireplace with metal trim. Over the wood trim, place a mirror, minus molded surround, and fix to wall with bolts or screws.

The bookshelves on both sides of fireplace can be built of plywood the same as used for dwarf cabinets.

SO MUCH for structural work and fixtures.

The drapes, decorations, furniture and rugs offer more than one solution.

This particular living room faces south, the dining room north. Walls are painted in soft absinthe green with dark green woodwork. Broadloom carpet, or one-toned linoleum, is soft dusty apricot, and the chesterfield cover of stripes repeats the dull apricot tone. Chintz draperies have a tawny floral pattern on a brown ground, one easy chair is covered in the same material and a lounge chair with green twill piped with coral. With a Chippendale coffee table, Queen Anne table for the window, and end tables with lamps, you can make this a delightful room even for the most fastidious.

Window drapes, hand woven in white with horizontal bands in green and yellow with a touch of red, and sheer net glass curtains, if desired, would add considerable charm to the room. ☆ *Continued on page 40*

Often triples the life of clothes... to soak them clean this safe no-scrub way!

● Why swelter in a hot, steamy kitchen when the New 1940 Rinso soaks clothes snowy and bright? Often as little as a 10-minute soaking in Rinso's active suds gets clothes amazingly clean. Yet Rinso is safe even for overnight soaking. This "soak-and-rinse" method not only saves you—it saves the clothes; makes cottons and linens last 3 times as long. Rinso prevents that nasty hard-water scum from forming on the wash-water. Try it. *You be the judge!*

3 SIZES
REGULAR
LARGE
GIANT

New 1940 Rinso *only* soap recommended by 26 washers

Approved by Good Housekeeping Institute

What Everyone Wants to Know!

Continued from page 34

at Riviere du Loup; the solidly packed thousands on Citadel Hill at Halifax.

Certain specific items or events in Their Majesties' program remain in the memory as having been arranged and carried out with imagination, meticulous care and complete success. Among these were: the landing at Quebec; the Unveiling of the National War Memorial and the Laying of the Corner Stone of the Supreme Court Building in Ottawa; the parade of the cadets at the Royal Military College, Kingston; the Indian display at Port Arthur-Fort William; everything connected with the brief stop at Brandon; the ceremony at the beautiful City Hall and the immaculate luncheon at the new hotel in Vancouver; the two trips between Vancouver and Victoria on the delightful coastal ships of the Canadian National and the Canadian Pacific, together with their destroyer and air escorts; the human Union Jack at Saskatoon; the church service at Portage La Prairie; the display at the Civic Stadium in Hamilton; the Lieutenant-Governor's speech at Charlottetown.

Their Majesties saw many scenes of peculiar and spectacular beauty during their Visit to Canada. Among those that they will find it difficult to forget were—if the author is competent to judge—the following: the first view of Quebec; Montreal and the St. Lawrence River from Mount Royal; Trooping the Color on Parliament Hill, Ottawa; the Don Valley on a sparkling June morning; Lake Superior in the sunlight near Nipigon; the view from Hillcrest Park in Port Arthur; Banff, Vancouver (especially the view from Hollyburn Ridge), Victoria, Jasper and all points between; the grim beauty of the Sudbury area; the Niagara peninsula and Niagara Falls; the St. Lawrence from South Shore; the valley line from Fredericton to Saint John; Prince Edward Island in the rain; and the towering tumult of the wake from the racing destroyers en route from Charlottetown to Pictou.

THERE HAVE been a number of stories regarding the Royal Visit that have gained wide currency in Canada but which have no basis in fact. It might be well to try to get the record straight in regard to these matters. Every newspaper in Canada, for example, carried the story that Her Majesty presented small blue coats to the Dionne Quintuplets. This is not true. It has been stated that Her Majesty was presented with a set of golf clubs in Vancouver. This is not true. It was reported that Their Majesties became separated from their entourage at Regina, and drove from the Royal Canadian Mounted Police barracks to the station, two miles ahead of their escort. All that happened was that two police officials who had been travelling in the Pilot Car, failed to turn up when the procession was ready to leave the barracks, and had to follow in another car. ☆

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Buy Whitex in the red, white and blue package at your drug or department store.

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Made by the makers of Tintex, the world's largest selling Tints and Dyes

THIS MODERN ANTISEPTIC

DOES *THREE* THINGS

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Large tube, 50¢. Economical Family Size Jar, $1.

Norwich

UNGUENTINE
✱ FIGHTS INFECTION
✱ RELIEVES PAIN
✱ PROMOTES HEALING

Pointers for the Home

Solid brass door knockers, engraved with owner's name and colored, are the latest for entrance doors to homes.

☆☆

To eradicate mildew from sprouting rose trees, treat them with a solution of sulphide of potassium, using half an ounce to a gallon of water.

☆☆

A novel floral table decoration is to immerse small thin-stemmed rockery flowers in a fish bowl, completely covered with water. Put them in massed together and they will keep under water.

☆☆

Chamois leather used for cleaning windows will stay soft and pliable when not in use, if kept in a stone jam jar.

☆☆

Quite a deal of enjoyment can be got from carving wood buttons with one's own design and painting them. It makes a nice pastime for one's sojourn at the summer cottage.

☆☆

To keep trees growing on a sloping lawn, flank them with a semicircular wall of bricks or stone to allow watering without washing away the soil.

☆☆

New oilcloth shelving may be coated with quick-drying wax to prevent dishes from sticking to it.

☆☆

Water left after boiling potatoes is an efficient silver polish—pour it on your silverware and let it stand for ten minutes.

☆☆

A little kerosene added to the water, when washing windows, gives an extra-polished look to the windows.

☆☆

"Taupe" is French for "mole" and describes a molelike color—if you know what moles are.

☆☆

When a leak suddenly develops in the plumbing system and threatens to "ruin everything," shut off the valve that controls the pipe, tank or fixture.

☆☆

To keep small children from scalding and burning themselves, turn the handles of saucepans away from the edges of tables and stoves, out of reach.

☆☆

The future bath tub will have a dome of translucent glass which will admit sun rays. Valves on the panel like the dashboard on your motor car will control the strength of perfume or talcum the bather may require.

☆☆

To remove white shoe marks on black leather in a baby carriage, wipe lightly with carbon tetrachloride.

☆☆

To remove verdigris from an old brass lamp, use ordinary household ammonia.

☆☆

A good animal deterrent is to spray nicotine sulphate on the portion of the lawn and shrubbery affected. A strong solution should be used.

☆☆

Asbestos gloves for outdoor camping will prevent burnt fingers. These gloves are large and very easy to slip on and off.

☆☆

A correct color scheme will do wonders in increasing the apparent size or proportion of a room, even change its seeming temperature from cool to warm, or vice versa.

☆☆

The latest in bed headboards is brown calf leather with white saddle stitching.

☆☆

Walls for a boy's room look well finished in cocoa brown, a deep reddish shade of the same color for the rug, and blue-green cotton day bed upholstery. The desk chair in white leather.

☆☆

A table on wheels with four shelves for books, magazines and smoking accessories, is a great convenience and can be wheeled around the living room to suit anyone who desires its service.

☆☆

To help the slaughter of beetles in the garden suspend watermelon rind over a pail of water. The beetles, after having gorged themselves, fall into the water. ☆

"This is the life!"
"What's life without a Sweet Cap?"

SWEET CAPORAL CIGARETTES

"The purest form in which tobacco can be smoked."

*The Leader**

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FLOWERLIKE ROOMS

Transfer the flower harmonies of your garden into decorative schemes for your interiors

"A PENNY for your thoughts."

☆☆

Are you thinking how delightful it would be if the summer beauty of the flowers in your garden could be transferred into some of your rooms in the home?

☆☆

It may seem like some flight of imagination but it is an idea which can materialize at little cost, with careful planning.

☆☆

Peonies have been gorgeous this year, especially those of the crimson variety. A dining room can be accented with the crimson peony as its motif. Walls, French grey; ceiling, very light grey. Wood trim, windows and door, blue-green.

☆☆

Drapes, red and grey striped rayon —red the same as the crimson peonies. Pale grey celanese glass curtains. Venetian blinds with crimson tapes.

☆☆

Tables, walnut; chairs painted grey with crimson fabric. Chesterfield, upholstered in bottle green.

☆☆

Floor rug, green broadloom, or one-toned linoleum, and, to round out the scheme, a mirror framed in a margin of green glass over the fireplace.

☆☆

Another flower which makes a strong appeal to so many is the delphinium. The pink and wine accents are well worth capturing in one's own living room.

There is no difficulty in doing it, and believe it or not, if you do, your living room will be the envy of all those privileged to see it.

☆☆

Paint the walls a medium blue of delphinium, ceiling, very pale blue.

☆☆

Woodwork throughout, oyster white. If you have bookcases on either side of the fireplace, paint them a blue inside.

☆☆

Floor-length drapes, delphinium blue and very light blue striped rayon. Oyster white celanese glass curtains, bound with dark blue rayon.

☆☆

Floor covered to baseboard with wine-colored broadloom, or one-toned linoleum.

☆☆

Chesterfield slip covered in a textured blue and oyster white stripe—the blue shading from pale to deep bright blue of the delphinium. Armchairs; slip covered in flowered chintz in the same blue, reddish pinks and whites.

☆☆

Side chair in striped fabric. White lamp with white chiffon shade bound in blue. Seascape or floral print, with blue predominating, over the fireplace and, to give the final touch, white and pink bowls for flowers, preferably of Caledon pottery.

☆☆

Here is an idea which will pay handsome dividends to those who wish to retain the appeal of their favorite flowers at all seasons of the year. ☆

A SERIAL EVENT OF IMPORTANCE
"Nothing Begins Today"
The latest novel by the world-famous author
I. A. R. WYLIE
Beginning in the September Chatelaine

DID YOU READ THIS 26 YEARS AGO?

A Sparkling Clean Water-Closet Bowl

can now be had in every home. Sani-Flush will remove all discoloration without scouring or touching the bowl with the hands. It positively will not hurt the plumbing connections.

Sani-Flush

Cleans Closet Bowls Quickly— Easily—

This is an old-time advertisement. For *more* than 26 years, SANI-FLUSH has been the easiest and best known way to clean toilets. (Also cleans out auto radiators.) *See directions on can.* Sold by grocery, drug, hardware, and syndicate stores. 15c and 30c sizes. Made in Canada. Distributed by Harold F. Ritchie & Co., Ltd., Toronto, Ontario.

But you *must* clean it with "Goddard's"

If you wish to keep the surface of your silverware perfect with the minimum of effort you must use "Goddard's" Plate Powder or Liquid Polish. It is surprising what little effort this smearless polish requires, and even more surprising the way in which "Goddard's" distinguishes between tarnish and the precious metal itself. You can use it with the utmost confidence.

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HOUSEKEEPING

A DEPARTMENT OF HOME MANAGEMENT-Conducted By HELEN G. CAMPBELL.

by M. FRANCES HUCKS

Canning Time Is Here Again...

YOU or the canning factories—who's going to do the work? Maybe you're a housekeeper who depends on modern canning factories and grocery shops to can and store your whole winter's supply of fruits and vegetables. But it's more likely that you "do down" a few jars of this or that yourself, to supplement the commercially canned foods and add a personal touch to future meals. It's sound business practice in many instances, and, besides, it satisfies some primeval instinct in most of us when we can look proudly on rows of neatly labelled jars whose contents represent our own thrifty housewifeliness.

If you're lucky enough to have a garden or an orchard, it goes without saying that you will be doing some canning. And you'll get the best results too, because you can pick the fruit when it's at the very best stage and hurry it into the jars before it loses any of its freshness. Lacking a garden, buy at the height of the season and select sound, ripe specimens from a market whose reputation you know.

Cautions for canners are worth repeating time and time again, even at the risk of being monotonous. A little carelessness, and all that good food—to say nothing of your time—is wasted. Cleanliness, sterilization and proper sealing are the essentials, and slapdash methods to ensure them just won't do. Clean the product to be canned, carefully and thoroughly, wash the jars and tops with soap and water, and wash the utensils you'll be using for the job.

Sterilize the jars and tops in water to cover. Bring to a boil and boil for fifteen minutes or so. Leave the jars under water until ready to use, then lift out with sterilized tongs, or in such a way that nothing touches the rim or inside of the jar. Use brand-new rubber rings, dip them in boiling water and fit onto the jar before it is filled. Sterilize the contents, by heating for the length of time required for the method used. It pays to take pains at every stage.

Then seal properly; no cracked or chipped tops, or poorly fitting rings, and the closest of attention to instructions if other methods of sealing are used as in the case of jams and jellies.

Apropos of jams and jellies, there are a few precautionary words to be said about them and the others of their class—marmalades and conserves.

Research has removed most of the guesswork from this household art by digging out various facts relating to fruit acids and pectin, to varying proportions of sugar and different cooking methods. By following instructions precisely, we are rewarded with tender, translucent jellies retaining the original fruit flavor, jams and marmalades of texture, flavor and consistency that leave nothing to be desired, and conserves with a perfect harmony of color, flavor and freshness.

The modern "short-boil" method is popular with many housekeepers, not only for the time it saves but because of the excellence of the resulting products. With this method, a commercially prepared pectin is added to the fruit. Exact proportions have been worked out by the manufacturers, and detailed recipes and instructions accompany each package or bottle. You can't go wrong if you follow them to the letter.

There are dozens of luscious things to be canned now and later, but we've picked just four common ones from the list and hope you'll like what we've done with them.

Plums—A good, old-fashioned fruit which doesn't always get the attention it deserves. While they're in season you can use them in plenty of different ways, so why not? Raw, or stoned and stewed are the simplest ideas; the big red plums make grand puddings, and almost any kind will make a marvellous pie. Plum crisp is one idea for a pudding, and another is to cover stewed, sweetened and lightly thickened plums with a sponge batter and bake. Red plum ice cream can be made at home, and the juice from stewed plums is a tangy addition to a long cold drink. Then there are the three recipes we've given you here for preserving the fruit for future use: plum butter, ☆ *Continued on page 44*

IF YOU think it takes a lot of hard rubbing to make a sink shine like new, there's a big surprise ahead the first time you use Bon Ami!

Bon Ami is a fast cleanser. It does a thorough job—with a minimum of effort on your part.

Yet it contains no harsh ingredients. It doesn't scratch and spoil your valuable kitchen and bathroom fixtures. Instead — it actually leaves a high polish that brings out their beauty.

Today millions of women use this *one* cleanser for all their household cleaning. In addition to its thoroughness and ease, they like the way it saves their hands, doesn't roughen or redden them. Why not try Bon Ami in your own kitchen and bathroom?

Wouldn't you give up cleansers containing gritty ingredients that ruin your porcelain with scratches and scars—if you could find one that cleans just as quickly and thoroughly?

Then here's your wish. Bon Ami is quick . . . thorough. Yet it contains no coarse, "scratchy" substances. Instead it has a *polishing action*. Isn't it sensible to use a safe cleanser like this?

"hasn't scratched yet!"

MADE IN CANADA

Bon Ami for all your household cleaning

Open Wide the Living Room

Continued from page 37

The dining room is an echo in color of the living room, walls, dwarf cabinets, wood trim, door, carpets, window drapes and glass curtains being complementary. The furniture was not altered, neither was it necessary to purchase any new pieces.

Byron, the poet, said: "Since Eve ate apples, much depends on dinner." But food is not the only ingredient to make dining a success. Pleasant surroundings are also essential, and these are provided in no small measure in such a scheme as this.

In working out a decoration scheme, never forget that decorations which fall over backward, giving the visitor a shock, should only be indulged in by those who can afford to redecorate every year or so. One or two alternative schemes may be of interest. Mauve walls and beige draperies, with touches of chartreuse, would be successful in rooms with a western exposure, especially with a sea-sand carpet and furniture of bleached mahogany. The dining room in this case should be carried out in the same note.

In a room with bleached maple furniture, paper two of the walls in a green and red vine design on white ground—the other two walls in plain matching green. The dining room of the same color symphony.

YOU MAY wish to decorate the two rooms with different motifs and color. If so, remember that to get good results flat pilasters should be fixed on the walls; or the wood supports, for carrying the floor over after removing the partition, would serve the same purpose.

In such a case the living room walls should be painted or papered a light pastel blue, two-toned patterned rug in raisin, and draperies in a stripe material that repeats the raisin of the rug. The chesterfield slip covered with colorful flower-printed linen. The rust color in the chintz could be carried into a slip cover for hubby's easy chair and a golden yellow for an occasional chair. Sheer net glass curtains hung full over the window shades would complete a most attractive room.

The dining-room walls should be papered with one of the quaint colonial papers on a grey ground, the woodwork painted grey to match. The rug to echo a green in the wallpaper with habitant coarse-textured weave in soft green for draperies. Yellow chair seats of a tint borrowed from the wallpaper and two armchair seats covered in soft rust. The beauty of this scheme is that it will blend with walnut, birch or mahogany furniture, depending upon whatever you may have.

Here are one or two wrinkles which will help you to accomplish your end with satisfaction.

Upholstered furniture in units which fit together to make couches or sofas, will help a lot in an awkwardly shaped room. These units consist of corners, armless pieces and curved sections of varying radii.

With the thought that short skirts may have something to do with women's preference for the "sit-up" model chair, and men, for the deep lounging type, a new chair has been produced to suit the whim of either sex. This chair has a back which flattens down to any degree when you push hard, but stays in place when you are just resting. Left alone, the back slowly rises to its normal position.

Rug cushions should be used for your rugs, because with less strain on the fibres, their life will be lengthened. A good quality, all hair cushion will fill the bill.

Rough bottoms of furniture legs fray rug pile, so sandpaper the leg ends perfectly smooth. Glass rests, for use under heavy pieces and under rattan or wicker legs, are advisable.

The strong heat from your fireplace is no friend to rugs. So if the large carpet must be level with the hearth, protect it with a small attractive rug, and don't forget a fire screen to harness flying sparks. ☆

IDEAS FOR YOUR HOME

If there are unsightly gaps between the floor boards in some of the rooms and, in consequence, the floors are not watertight, use oakum. You can purchase this from any store which deals in boat supplies. A caulking tool for applying the oakum between the crevices is necessary, unless you use a blunt screwdriver.

☆☆

That soiled appearance of the tile floor in the bathroom no doubt has made you wonder whether there isn't some possible means of correcting it. Try steel wool and scouring powder, or wash with a strong solution of javelle water. Maybe the greyish color is due to an inferior quality tile, if so, it's unfortunate. There is nothing that you can do about it, except to replace the tiling.

☆☆

Has some of your furniture become dirty and faded through the hot-air heating system? If so, wash the furniture with a thick soapsuds of a mild soap on a soft cloth, wipe off the soap with another soft cloth dampened in clear water, and then dry the surface by rubbing with a cloth. Never flood the furniture with water, and always clean a small area at a time.

☆☆

Some of you may have wondered from time to time whether the front covers of *Chatelaine* could be used for decorative purposes on the walls in your home. They certainly can if you follow the right procedure. Shellac the back of the picture first; when dry, shellac the face of the picture, and use rubber cement adhesive for sticking on the wall.

☆☆

Have you ever wondered if you could get a baseboard of the same material as the linoleum covering to the floor? Be assured that you can and in connection with this, there are intersections and corners made to match the linoleum as well as the baseboard. These are cemented to the walls, are washable, and are made in a variety of color and patterns. ☆

the Month

for August

	BREAKFAST	LUNCHEON or SUPPER	DINNER
17	Grape Juice with Lemon Cereal Toasted Muffins Jam Coffee Tea	Cheese Toast and Bacon Lettuce and French Dressing Strawberry Jelly Whip Tea Cocoa	Lamb Stew with Vegetables Dumplings Cucumber and Tomato Jelly Salad Melon Coffee Cake Tea
18	Stewed Plums (cook enough for Saturday) Cereal Toast Marmalade Coffee Tea	Fried Black Bass with Lemon Sliced Tomatoes Hard Rolls Blueberry Tarts Tea Cocoa	Clam Chowder Carrot Ring with Green Peas Scalloped Potatoes Cauliflower Gingerbread Foamy Sauce Coffee Tea
19	Orange Juice Cereal Poached Eggs on Toast Coffee Tea	Fresh Bologna Cole Slaw with Pimiento Apple Sauce Gingerbread (from Friday) Tea Cocoa	Swiss Steak Boiled Potatoes Buttered Beets Stewed Plums Hot Biscuits Coffee Tea
20(*Sunday*)	Grapefruit Juice Cereal Johnny Cake Maple Syrup Coffee Tea	Lobster Supreme Soup Cheese Crackers Jellied Spring Vegetable Salad Melon Ring with Berries Cup Cakes Tea Cocoa	Baked Ham Slice Savory Rice Creamed Celery Coffee Spanish Cream with Toasted Almonds Wafers Coffee Tea
21	Blueberries Cereal Toast Jam Coffee Tea	Spanish Omelet Toast Sliced Oranges and Bananas Cup Cakes (from Sunday) Tea Cocoa	Tomato Soup Sliced Canned Corned Beef French Fried Potatoes Fresh Lima Beans Cocoanut Bread Pudding Coffee Tea
22	Tomato Juice Bread and Milk Date Muffins Jelly Coffee Tea	Frankfurters Buttered Noodles Stewed Apples Oatmeal Cookies Tea Cocoa	Liver Hash Creamed Potatoes Spinach Blackberry Rolypoly Coffee Tea
23	Watermelon Cereal Toast Jam Coffee Tea	Creamed Mushrooms on Toast with Bacon Pear and Orange Compote Cinnamon Buns Tea Cocoa	Roast Leg of Veal Browned Potatoes Baked Summer Squash Chilled Lemon Pudding Coffee Tea
24	Pineapple Juice Cereal Soft-cooked Eggs Toast Coffee Tea	Corn on the Cob Watercress French Dressing Berries Cake Tea Cocoa	Consommé Cold Roast Veal Hashed Brown Potatoes Buttered Carrots Banana Custard Coffee Tea
25	Stewed Fresh Pears Cereal Toast Conserve Coffee Tea	Celery Soup with Grated Cheese Devilled Eggs with Lettuce Ice Cream Cake (from Sunday) Tea Cocoa	Broiled Mackerel Mashed Potatoes Shredded Cabbage Fresh Plum Pudding Coffee Tea
26	Orange Juice French Toast Syrup Coffee Tea	Baked Stuffed Peppers Green Onions Radishes Trifle Tea Cocoa	Dressed Flank Steak Baked Potatoes Swiss Chard Melon Small Cakes Coffee Tea
27(*Sunday*)	Fresh Peaches Cereal Bacon Marmalade Toast Coffee Tea	Salmon and Celery Salad Sliced Cucumbers Hot Biscuits Angel Cake Chocolate Sauce Tea Cocoa	Chicken Pie Baked Tomatoes Green Beans Jellied Fruits in Ginger Ale Whipped Cream Coffee Tea
28	Grapefruit Cereal Toast Jam Coffee Tea	Bean Soup Crackers Apple, Date and Nut Salad Muffins Tea Cocoa	Shoulder Lamb Chops Boiled Potatoes Peas Tapioca Cream Coffee Tea
29	Bananas Scrambled Eggs Toast Jelly Coffee Tea	Cheese Fondu Sliced Tomatoes Fresh Pear, Prune and Orange Salad Tea Cocoa	Baked Meat Loaf Scalloped Potatoes Brussels Sprouts Blueberry Cup Cakes Lemon Sauce Coffee Tea
30	Chilled Prune Juice Cereal Toasted Muffins Honey Coffee Tea	Cold Meat Loaf Potato Salad Radishes Marshmallow Cup Custard Tea Cocoa	Barley Broth Baked Stuffed Eggplant Diced Beets Cauliflower Turnip Tops Deep Plum Pie Coffee Tea
31	Tomato Juice Cereal Toast Stewed Fruit Coffee Tea	Bacon and Egg Sandwiches Chili Sauce Melon Balls and Blueberries Tea Cocoa	Veal Birds Mashed Potatoes Scalloped Onions Peaches Cake Coffee Tea

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MH249

Meals of

Thirty-one Menus

	BREAKFAST	LUNCHEON or SUPPER	DINNER
1	Orange Juice French Toast Syrup Coffee Tea	Casserole of Rice and Tomatoes with Chopped Left-over Meat Celery Radishes Sugared Cherries Tea Crisp Wafers Cocoa	Lamb Chops and Bacon Mashed Potatoes Buttered Green Peas Black Currant Cup Cakes Coffee Lemon Sauce Tea
2	Berries Cereal Toast Jam Coffee Tea	Assorted Cold Meats Pan-fried Potatoes Sliced Cucumber and Onion Chilled Melon Hot or Cold Milk Drink	Oxtail Soup Vegetable Plate (Spinach Molds with Hard-cooked Egg, Sliced Beets, String Beans, Scalloped Potatoes) Coffee Raspberry Pie Tea
3	Half Grapefruit Scrambled Eggs Toast Honey Coffee Tea	Bean Soup Biscuits Mixed Fruit Salad Date Bran Gems Tea Cocoa	Baked Ham Parsley Potatoes Beet Greens Cherry Jelly Whipped Cream Coffee Tea
4	Tomato Juice Cereal Toasted Bran Gems Jelly Coffee Tea	Jellied Vegetable Salads Toasted Cheese Sandwiches Sliced Oranges and Cocoanut Cookies Tea Cocoa	Pan-broiled Trout French Fried Potatoes Cole Slaw Blancmange Fruit Sauce Coffee Tea
5	Apple Sauce Cereal Toast Marmalade Coffee Tea	Canned Spaghetti Brown Bread Lettuce with French Dressing Berries and Cream Tea Cocoa	Asparagus Soup Cold Baked Ham Potato and Celery Salad Sliced Tomatoes Boiled Rice Syrup Coffee Tea
6 (*Sunday*)	Cantaloupe Grilled Small Fish Toast Jam Coffee Tea	Creamed Ham and Eggs on Toast Green Salad Bowl Butterscotch Tarts Tea Cocoa	Chilled Pineapple Juice Broiled Porterhouse Steak Buttered New Potatoes Carrots Fresh Fruit Ice Cream in Sponge Cake Ring Coffee Tea
7	Sliced Bananas Cereal Soft-cooked Eggs Toast Coffee Tea	Chicken Soup with Rice Biscuits Sardines on Lettuce Canned Fruit Cookies Tea Cocoa	Baked Veal Loaf Browned Potato Cakes Swiss Chard Lemon Snow Custard Sauce Coffee Tea
8	Berries Cereal Hot Biscuits Honey Coffee Tea	Cold Veal Loaf Shredded Raw Vegetable Salad Individual Baked Custards Brownies Tea Cocoa	Grilled Liver and Bacon Creamed Potatoes Wax Beans Fresh Plum Tapioca Coffee Tea
9	Orange Juice Fish Cakes Tomato Sauce Toast Coffee Tea	Casserole of Sliced Hard-cooked Eggs and Onions Hard Brown Rolls Chilled Watermelon Tea Cocoa	Rolled Roast of Beef Browned Potatoes Baked Vegetable Marrow Cottage Pudding Caramel Sauce Coffee Tea
10	Stewed Fruit Cereal Bacon Marmalade Toast Coffee Tea	Salad of Cottage Cheese with Chopped Chives, Sliced Tomatoes and Lettuce Berries and Cream Iced Cake (use left-over cottage pudding) Tea Cocoa	Vegetable Soup Cold Roast Beef Lyonnaise Potatoes Brussels Sprouts Apple Crisp Coffee Tea
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12	Tomato Juice Cereal Toast Jam Coffee Tea	Shepherd's Pie Sliced Cucumbers Vanilla Ice Cream Maple Syrup Tea Cocoa	Broiled Sausages Mashed Potatoes Creamed Young Onions Prune Whip Custard Sauce Coffee Tea
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14	Grapefruit Cereal Brown Toast Jam Coffee Tea	Cold Meat Pan-fried Potatoes Pickles Fruit Cup Cookies Tea Cocoa	Browned Hamburger and Onions on Toast Points Boiled Potatoes Shredded Cabbage Chocolate Pudding Coffee Tea
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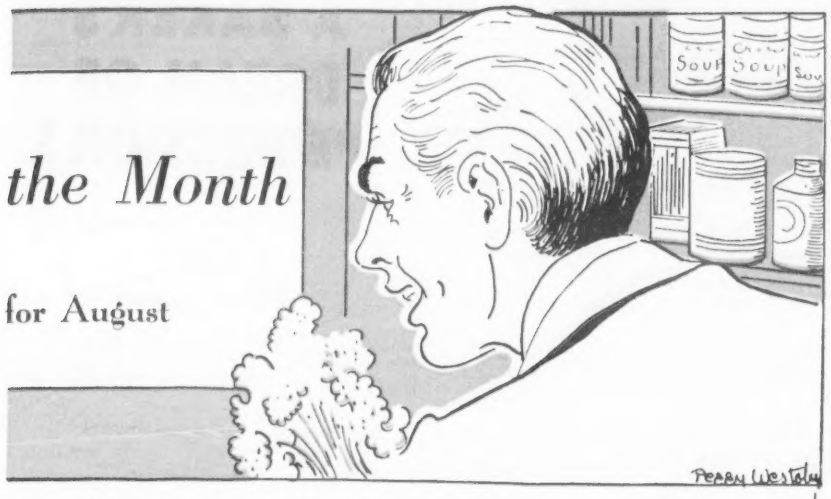

the Month

for August

	BREAKFAST	LUNCHEON or SUPPER	DINNER
17	Grape Juice with Lemon Cereal Toasted Muffins Jam Coffee Tea	Cheese Toast and Bacon Lettuce and French Dressing Strawberry Jelly Whip Tea Cocoa	Lamb Stew with Vegetables Dumplings Cucumber and Tomato Jelly Salad Melon Coffee Cake Tea
18	Stewed Plums (cook enough for Saturday) Cereal Toast Marmalade Coffee Tea	Fried Black Bass with Lemon Sliced Tomatoes Hard Rolls Blueberry Tarts Tea Cocoa	Clam Chowder Carrot Ring with Green Peas Scalloped Potatoes Cauliflower Gingerbread Foamy Sauce Coffee Tea
19	Orange Juice Cereal Poached Eggs on Toast Coffee Tea	Fresh Bologna Cole Slaw with Pimiento Apple Sauce Gingerbread (from Friday) Tea Cocoa	Swiss Steak Boiled Potatoes Buttered Beets Stewed Plums Hot Biscuits Coffee Tea
20(*Sunday*)	Grapefruit Juice Cereal Johnny Cake Maple Syrup Coffee Tea	Lobster Supreme Soup Cheese Crackers Jellied Spring Vegetable Salad Melon Ring with Berries Cup Cakes Tea Cocoa	Baked Ham Slice Savory Rice Creamed Celery Coffee Spanish Cream with Toasted Almonds Wafers Coffee Tea
21	Blueberries Cereal Toast Jam Coffee Tea	Spanish Omelet Toast Sliced Oranges and Bananas Cup Cakes (from Sunday) Tea Cocoa	Tomato Soup Sliced Canned Corned Beef French Fried Potatoes Fresh Lima Beans Cocoanut Bread Pudding Coffee Tea
22	Tomato Juice Bread and Milk Date Muffins Jelly Coffee Tea	Frankfurters Buttered Noodles Stewed Apples Oatmeal Cookies Tea Cocoa	Liver Hash Creamed Potatoes Spinach Blackberry Rolypoly Coffee Tea
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brine if necessary to keep the cucumbers covered.

Ripe Cucumber Relish

1 Quart of ripe cucumbers
1 Quart of onions
1 Quart of tomatoes
1 Quart of vinegar

—

1 Tablespoonful of salt
2 Tablespoonfuls of flour
1 Teaspoonful of turmeric
1 Tablespoonful of mustard
½ Teaspoonful of cayenne
2½ Cupfuls of sugar

Peel the cucumbers and cut in small uniform dice. Peel the onions and tomatoes and cut in small pieces. Add the vinegar and simmer the mixture until the vegetables are tender. Combine the salt, flour, seasonings and sugar, and mix to a smooth paste with a little cold vinegar. Add gradually to the hot pickle and cook, stirring constantly until the mixture is thick and smooth. Turn into hot sterilized jars and seal.

Canned Peach Halves

Use sound, ripe peaches of uniform size and a thin or medium syrup for preserving. Combine one cupful of sugar with three cupfuls of water for a thin syrup, or one cupful of sugar with two cupfuls of water for a medium syrup. Crack a few peach pits and add one for every quart of syrup. Boil for five minutes, then strain. Blanch the fruit, by dipping in boiling water, then into cold water. Remove the skins, cut in halves and remove the pits. Place the halves in salted water (one teaspoonful of salt to one quart of water) until ready for packing. Rinse the peaches with cold water and pack in sterilized jars. Fill the jars to within one-half inch of the top with the boiling syrup, partially seal and process for twenty to thirty minutes in a hot water bath, or from thirty-five to forty-five minutes in a controlled oven at 275 deg. Fahr. (The shorter time is for soft, tender peaches, the longer time for firm hard ones.) Remove from the bath or the oven, complete the seal and cool.

Peach Conserve

2 Dozen large, ripe peaches
3½ Pounds of sugar
2 Oranges, juice and grated rind
2 Lemons, juice and grated rind
¾ Cupful of blanched almonds

Blanch the peaches, peel and slice. Add the sugar, the orange rind and juice and the lemon rind and juice, and allow to stand overnight. Cook until thick, adding the almonds which have been cut in lengthwise strips, just before the mixture is removed from the heat. Cool for about five minutes, stirring frequently to prevent floating fruit, then turn into sterilized glasses and seal.

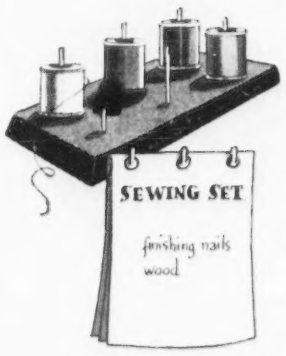
Peach Chutney

1½ Quarts of peeled, cut ripe peaches
¼ Cupful of finely chopped preserved ginger
1 Medium onion
3 Cupfuls of sugar
1 Cupful of cider vinegar
1 Cupful of seedless raisins

The peaches may be cut in lengthwise sections and, if large, the sections may be cut in halves crosswise. Combine the peaches and ginger, and add the onion, peeled and whole. Cook the sugar and vinegar together in a fairly large kettle until the mixture is clear, add the peach mixture and the washed raisins. Simmer until thickened, stirring occasionally. Remove the onion and turn the mixture into sterilized jars. Seal. ☆

A NEAT SEWING SET

Easy to Make



Only too often Mother's sewing basket is nothing but a glory hole!

Junior's grubby hands plow up the carefully arranged contents as he searches for the scissors; Sister rummages hopefully for a handful of pins, and Father is sure he will find his missing penknife somewhere at the very bottom.

Suddenly Mother is called upon to sew on a button in double quick time! What a topsy-turvy mess confronts her, threads twisting around the pincushion, darning wool twisting around the threads, and her precious thimble lost to sight.

Here, then, is a neat way to keep out of the trouble caused by such a tangle.

With a piece of wood and half a dozen finishing nails (that is, the kind with practically no heads), you can knock this little stand together in a minute and have your silks, cottons and thimble clearly on display.

If Father would like to make it for you, he might add a few extra touches such as varnish or paint.

TAKE this easy way to please *all* your family—every day! Just serve this tempting breakfast variety . . . delicious Quaker Puffed Wheat one day, and Quaker Puffed Rice the next. Serve them also, as a tasty, digestible snack, between meals, and at bedtime.

Like millions of happy families, your family will love the rich, delicious flavour of tender, twice-crisped Quaker Puffed Wheat and Quaker Puffed Rice. And, mothers—you'll be pleased to know—delicious, nourishing Quaker Puffed Wheat and Quaker Puffed Rice are wonderfully easy to digest. For each full-ripened grain is shot from guns—exploded eight times normal size. This amazing Quaker process unlocks tiny food cells—makes them 'specially easy to digest—you get their food energy far more quickly . . . energy you need to be active, wide awake, on your toes.

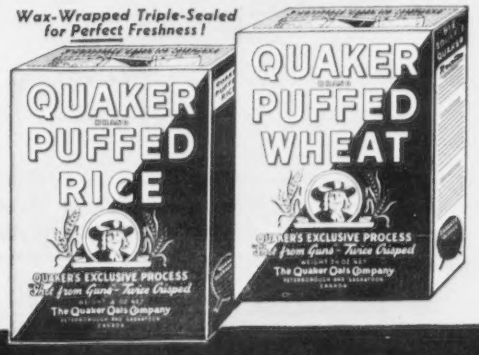
FREE! Valuable merchandise coupon in *every* package of Quaker Puffed Wheat and Quaker Puffed Rice. Write for your FREE copy of new Quaker Premium catalogue No. 11 (cancels all previous catalogues). The Quaker Oats Co., Peterborough, Ont. or Saskatoon, Sask.

Follow the Thrilling Adventures of "Dick Tracy" N.B.C. Red Network 8 P.M. E.D.S.T. every Saturday Night.

GET FULL SIZE PRINT OF THIS ORIGINAL SKETCH

by the famous Canadian artist, C. C. Shragge. A lovely print, suitable for framing, and bearing no advertising wording. Send one box top from Quaker Puffed Wheat or Quaker Puffed Rice, and 10c to The Quaker Oats Company, Box 100, Peterborough, Ont. or Saskatoon, Sask. Write now!

Wax-Wrapped Triple-Sealed for Perfect Freshness!



FOR VARIETY . . . SERVE QUAKER PUFFED WHEAT ONE DAY AND QUAKER PUFFED RICE THE NEXT . . .

ORDER THEM FROM YOUR GROCER TODAY!

"Why all this ELBOW-GREASE?"

Use S.O.S. — it shines aluminum quickly — easily

There's a *right* way to shine a frypan—and S.O.S. is *it!* These well-built, soap-charged pads waste no time. Briskly, they scour off stains, scorches and crusted food. Gently, they polish till aluminum shines like new. No other cleanser like S.O.S.! Mail the coupon and see.

FREE Mail this coupon, or a post card to S.O.S. Manufacturing Company of Canada, Limited, 100 Sterling Rd., Toronto, for a free trial package of S.O.S. You'll like it! Made in Canada.

Name .....

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Canning Time is Here Again

Continued from page 41

spiced plums (a novel relish to serve with cold meats) and plum conserve.

Tomatoes—So full of Vitamin C and good flavor that we're usually satisfied with them just "as is." But it's a nice change occasionally to bake them filled with a savory stuffing, or to coat firm, thick slices with crumbled cereal or bread crumbs and fry them. Juice and jelly, soup and sauce are tomato specialties, and in addition there is catsup, chili sauce and a variety of relishes. In fact, we can thank the tomato for a good share of our best-tasting dishes, and give it an added boost for its decorative value.

Canadian tomatoes are fine specimens, in demand all year round, and preserved in tremendous quantities for us by commercial canneries. We've suggested three ways of doing a bit of preserving at home—to fill a vacant space on the storeroom shelf.

Cucumbers—This crisp, cool vegetable is ideal for summer salads, so that's the chief use we make of it in its fresh state. Thinly sliced, salted and dressed lightly with mayonnaise, they are not only a most popular, but a particularly convenient, sandwich filling. And speaking of sandwich fillings, chopped cucumbers mix beautifully with fish, cold lamb or shredded spring vegetables. As a relish, they're good sliced, alone or with Bermuda onions, sprinkled with salt and pepper and dressed with vinegar or, if you prefer it, with French dressing. Fingers of cucumber add their refreshing crispness to the relish tray.

Cucumbers have a delicately appealing flavor when they're cooked. Stewing and baking are the favorite methods, and because of the mildness of the vegetable, they're usually served with a flavorful sauce when stewed, or stuffed with a savory stuffing when baked.

At every stage of growth from tiny, inch-long fingers to overgrown heavyweights yellow with age and ripeness, cucumbers are made into pickles and relishes of such variety that there seems to be always something new. We've included three recipes here, each one very different from the others, but all good to taste if your taste runs in that direction.

Peaches—Like strawberries in one respect—the best way to eat them is raw. Serve them whole or sliced for breakfast—the sliced ones go beautifully with crisp cereals. Alone or combined with other fruits they're a popular dessert for fall lunches and suppers. You can make good salads with them and use them for shortcakes, jellies and ice cream. Here are a few dishes you could try if you'd like cooked peaches for a change: Peach betty, peach pie, cobbler, upside-down cake, stewed peaches or baked peach halves with toasted cocoanut. And for winter use you can buy delicious canned ones or preserve a few yourself. We've included three recipes for preserving peaches; hope you like them.

Plum Butter

4 Pounds of ripe plums
2 Cupfuls of water
Sugar

Select the reddish purple plums, wash thoroughly, remove any blemishes, add the water and cook until the fruit is tender. Rub through a fine sieve. If the purée is very thin, cook until it is thick enough to pile up on a spoon. Then measure and add sugar, allowing two thirds of a cupful of sugar for each cupful of pulp. Cook quickly, stirring constantly to prevent scorching, until the mixture "sheets" from the edge of a spoon. Turn into hot, sterilized jars and seal.

For a spiced butter, tie one teaspoonful of whole cloves, half stick of cinnamon and a few allspice berries in a spice bag, add to the fruit and sugar mixture, cook as above and remove the spice bag before turning the butter into the jars.

The sweetened, spiced butter makes a delicious spread. A less sweet mixture may be made, with or without spices, and used as a relish.

Spiced Plums

3 Pounds of sound, ripe plums
1½ Pounds of sugar
2½ Cupfuls of mild vinegar
½ Ounce of whole cloves
½ Ounce of whole allspice
1 Ounce of stick cinnamon
½ Ounce of mace

Wash the plums, remove the excess moisture and prick each plum several times with a large needle or with a sharp fork. Combine the sugar and vinegar, add the spices which have been tied in a small cotton bag, bring to boiling point and boil for seven minutes. Pour this mixture over the prepared plums and allow to stand overnight. Drain and cook the syrup again for ten minutes. Pour over the plums again and allow to stand for several hours. Bring the whole mixture to boiling point, remove the spice bag and pack the plums into hot sterilized jars. Seal at once.

Dill Pickles

Select uniform cucumbers about five inches in length, wash well and dry. Place a layer in a large stone crock or in a keg, add a thin layer of dill (stalks with seeds and leaves left on) and a few cleaned leaves (choke-cherry, grape or horse-radish). Repeat the layers until the cucumbers are all used and cover with brine made from two pounds of coarse salt and three gallons of water. Bring the salt solution to a boil and skim before pouring over the cucumbers. Place more dill and more leaves over the top, cover with a clean plate and press down with a heavy weight. Allow to stand for two to three weeks, adding more

Continued on next page

CANNING THIS SEASON?
You'll find more recipes on page 47.

A BAKER'S DREAM OF PERFECTION!

YES, that's what Swans Down Cake Flour makes! Anyone who enjoys a cake made with this wonderful cake flour will admit that there *is* something different, something definitely smoother in texture and more delightful in taste about a cake that's made with Swans Down.

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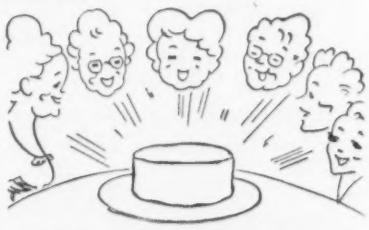
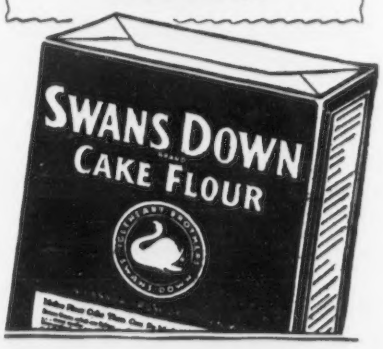
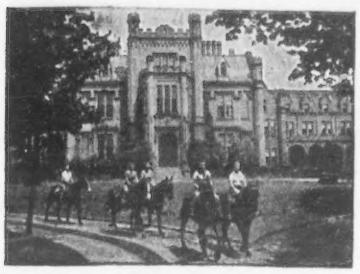


With Swans Down you can make cakes that will be the envy of any home-bakers, novice or expert. When you use Swans Down Cake Flour and follow directions success is assured. And it's economical, too, because it saves on other ingredients, as well.

S-59

NOW SELLING AT THE LOWEST PRICE IN SWANS DOWN HISTORY!





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Plum Conserve

2 Pounds of sound, ripe plums
1½ Pounds of sugar
1 Lemon, juice and grated rind
¾ Pound of seedless raisins
⅔ Cupful of walnuts

Damson plums are suggested for this recipe. They should be washed, stoned, then weighed. Add the sugar, the lemon juice and rind, and the raisins which have been washed thoroughly. Cook until the mixture is thick and clear. Just before removing from the heat, add the nuts which have been scalded with boiling water, dried and cut or chopped into small pieces. Turn the mixture into hot sterilized jars and seal.

Canned Tomato Puree (for soup)

4 Quarts of ripe tomatoes
1 Small onion, sliced
1 Stalk of celery, sliced, or a few celery leaves
1 Bay leaf
2 Teaspoonfuls of salt
¼ Teaspoonful of paprika

Wash the tomatoes well and cut in pieces. Place in a large kettle with the sliced onion, celery, bay leaf and seasonings. Cook until the tomatoes are tender, then press the mixture through a sieve. Boil the pulp until it is reduced to about one half of the original volume, turn into hot sterilized jars and seal. To use, heat the desired amount of milk, thicken slightly with flour which has been thoroughly blended with an equal amount of butter and add the hot tomato purée—the exact amount depending on individual tastes. Add additional seasonings if desired, and serve very hot.

Green Tomato Mincemeat

3 Pints of green tomatoes, chopped
3 Pints of apples, chopped
3 Cupfuls of raisins
1 Cupful of chopped suet
4 Cupfuls of brown sugar
1 Cupful of vinegar
1 Tablespoonful of cinnamon
1 Teaspoonful of ground cloves
¾ Teaspoonful of allspice
¾ Teaspoonful of mace
2 Teaspoonfuls of salt
1 Cupful of chopped candied peel (orange, lemon and citron) if desired.

The tomatoes should be carefully washed, and may be put through the food chopper, discarding any hard cores. Place in a large kettle, heat gently and pour off the juice. Discard the juice and add an equal amount of water to the tomatoes. Heat again and drain. Add the remaining ingredients and simmer until all the fruit is clear and the mixture thick—one to one and a half hours. Turn into sterilized jars and seal. ☆

Descriptions of Patterns, page 35

No. 3067—Sizes 14, 16, 18, 20, 40. Size 16 requires, 4 yards 35-inch fabric; 3½ yards 39-inch fabric. Price, 25 cents.

No. 3061—Sizes 12, 14, 16, 18, 20. Size 16 requires, 4 yards 35-inch; 3½ yards 39-inch fabric. Price, 20 cents.

No. 3083—Sizes 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44, 46. Size 36 requires, 3¾ yards 35-inch; 3½ yards 39-inch fabric. Price, 25 cents.

No. 3066—Sizes 14, 16, 18, 20, 40. Size 16 requires, 3⅝ yards 35-inch; 3⅜ yards 39-inch fabric for dress, ¼ yard 35- or 39-inch fabric for belt. Price, 25 cents.

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Congratulations to you whose entries have been selected from among thousands as the best in the recent Magic Baking Powder contest! Thanks to all of you who participated and gave us such splendid reasons why Magic is the choice of 3 out of 4 Canadian women for finer results in home baking. All winners have been notified by mail . . . we are happy to list their names below.

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- Means *sure* results!
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- Magic is economical, costs less than 1¢ per baking.

MADE IN CANADA

What Will They Need?

Now is the time to plan your child's outfit for happy hours at school

A GREAT many enquiries have come to the desk of the Educational Director of *Chatelaine* regarding the proper wardrobe for a boy or girl attending private school. Modern ideas in education have greatly simplified the question as all children attending are required to wear the most simple and practical outfits. Each pupil may receive a list from the school he plans to attend, as this is an important part of the preparations. When buying for your child in private school remember that good quality is the most economical and practical way of buying. Mark every piece of wearing apparel clearly. Don't give your child more than he is expected to have. The amount of space allotted for each pupil's belongings, the program for each day, the general activities and studies all demand a standard plan for equipment.

The majority of schools prefer to supply direct such articles as school cap, sweater, tie, blazer, gymnasium suit and shoes, football and hockey equipment.

The average minimum equipment at one school for boys, which can well serve as a general guide to your buying, is as follows:

1 Blue Suit (Sunday Wear)
2 Grey Flannel or Tweed Suits (Week Day Wear)
1 Overcoat
1 Raincoat
1 Windbreaker
1 Dressing Gown
1 Bed Comforter
2 Pairs of Black Shoes
1 Pair of Rubbers
1 Pair of Leather House Shoes (Romeos) with High Tops
1 Pair of Bedroom Slippers
6 White Shirts with Turned-down Collars Attached
3 White Shirts to wear with Sunday Suit
3 Suits of Warm Underwear }
3 Suits of Light Underwear }
(Weight at Parents' Discretion)
2 Suits of Old Underwear (for Football and Hockey)
4 Pairs of Pyjamas
8 Pairs of Stockings or Socks
4 Eton Collars and Collar Buttons and Links
1 Black Necktie
2 Blue Neckties
18 Handkerchiefs
6 Table Napkins
1 Napkin Ring
4 Bath Towels
4 Wash Cloths
3 Pairs of Garters
2 Pairs of Suspenders
1 Belt
1 Pair of Gloves and Heavy Mitts
1 Hair Brush, Comb, Tooth Paste, Tooth Brush, Pocket Comb, Whisk, Nail Brush, Scissors
1 Hand Bag or Suit Case

IN THE majority of girls' schools, the girls wear the school uniform during school hours with a simple silk or crepe afternoon dress for wear in the evenings. For Sunday wear the girls usually wear navy suits, or a navy blue dress and coat. Only black or navy felt hats are worn, tailored in style. A simply made white dress is needed for special occasions. An average list which can guide you in your plans for your daughter attending private school would include:

4 Changes of underwear, either cotton, silk or woollen
4 Night dresses or two-piece pyjamas
6 Pairs of stockings
1 Warm dressing gown
1 Pair of bedroom slippers
At least one pair of black walking shoes (Oxfords; only low heels permitted)
Rubbers
Goloshes
1 Pair of slippers
1 Raincoat
Umbrella
2 Bath towels
Comforter or warm rug
1 Hanging shoe bag
2 Laundry bags
Bible
Prayer Book
Fountain Pen
2 Colored Cotton Smocks ☆

GULLS

☆

He who has seen a streamer of white gulls
Flung above waters,
Could never believe God to be static,
A law set in stone, imperturbable, moodless.
He who has shaped from the spirit of joy
This lovely confusion of white wings
Over windy waters
Could never be but a force, without song, without gladness.
Only a Lover of rhythm could think this poem of white winging;
Only a Lover of the children of men would so lure them
To follow and clamor after and soar
Beyond the margin.

—by KAY SMITH

To Complete the Summer . .

CHATELAINE PATTERN NO. 1606
Price 15 cents. Sizes 30 to 38. Available only by mail order to Pattern Dept., Chatelaine Magazine, 481 University Avenue, Toronto.

Fashion Shorts

Continued from page 26

awfully cute beach jewellery, such as tiny lobsters strung on gold chains, pale green clams and sea anemones . . .
—Beige, as a summer color for daytime wear, reappears after a four-year absence. One smart theme is the beige silk suit, trimmed with black satin . . .
—A new coiffure which Paris is launching calls for long braids of hair which are worn, coronet-wise. "Stolen" from the long-haired Swiss peasant . . .
—Lace, net and chiffon gloves, lavishly embroidered—a summer fancy for evening wear . . .
—And a new idea in daytime gloves features the cut-off fingertips. Your own prettily colored nails are thus on view . . .
—Very sheer stockings, made without seams, is another summer scheme to give the legs an appearance of nudity . . .
—The redingote came back enthusiastically again this summer. A plain-colored coat, in sheer silk, tops a printed dress in most cases. Saw one nice affair with a printed sash decorating the coat and tied in a huge bow at the back . . .
—Very trim bathing suits of wool are using deep corselette waistlines, with light boning. Gives you that very slender-middle look . . .
—Seeing many white lingerie evening dresses—eyelet embroidery a leader. "Little girl" emphasis sometimes secured with pink or blue baby ribbon threaded around the neck and short puffed sleeves . . .

Peeking Into the Fall

OF COURSE we are already seeing the first fall styles here in New York—and are they lovely! But details will keep for another month, I hope! However, I notice a definite tendency to lengthen our skirts—some of the leading Paris couturiers are adding from two to four inches to their hemlines. And brocades, heavy failles, stiffened taffetas, rich velvets appear in both afternoon and evening styles, predicting a trend of unusual elegance. Oh, yes—jet trimmings, reminiscent of Edwardian days, are staging a lively comback for the fall . . .

**

Beauties of Today

EVERY YEAR, at this time, I beg of you to guard your skin, your hair and your figure against summer laxity. Do, for goodness sake, take your suntan easily—guard your hair against "burning"—drink lots of fruit and vegetable juices and leave the sweets alone, if you're inclined to be too deliciously plump—and don't spare the skin creams and lotions. Slather 'em on, gals . . . ☆

It's "Follow-the-Leader"
TODAY . . .

. . . help him to be a Leader
TOMORROW!

Whatever career your boy may follow, glowing health will help him to succeed. Right now—in his formative years—is the time you should help him develop the quick mind and sturdy body so essential to success in later life.

Encourage your children to follow these simple rules of healthful living

1. *Outdoor exercise and play:* Sunlight, fresh air, and exercise are the best tonics for your children. Play develops ability to co-operate with others.
2. *Summer clothing:* Let clothes be light and loose enough for play. Watch fast-growing children carefully. Be sure clothes, and particularly shoes, are big enough.
3. *Plenty of sleep:* School-age children should sleep at least ten hours a day in a room with plenty of fresh air.
4. *Proper diet:* In summer, children need lots of water as well as plenty of fruits, vegetables, milk, and, of course, whole wheat. They'll enjoy whole wheat in the form of Kellogg's crisp *new* cereal, ALL-WHEAT. And it's so good *for* them! Kellogg's ALL-WHEAT is richer in protein than most cereals—in natural vitamin B_1, iron, and phosphorus, too. Ask your grocer for Kellogg's ALL-WHEAT *today*. Made by Kellogg's in London, Canada.

Here's the Actual Nourishment Your Child Gets from ALL-WHEAT:

Protein (to build and repair tissue)	8.0%
Carbohydrate (for energy)	82.8%
Fiber (a source of bulk)	1.9%
Ash (with valuable minerals)	4.4%
Cereal oils (for fuel)	1.3%
Moisture	1.6%

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More mothers
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12 KINDS—Strained Vegetable Soup · Tomatoes · Peas · Mixed Greens · Spinach · Beets · Green Beans · Carrots · Prunes · Apricots and Apple Sauce · Cereal · Beef and Liver Soup.

Write for "*What Shall I Feed My Baby?*" an interesting book for mothers. It's free. H. J. Heinz Company, Dept. C91, Toronto.

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STRAINED
FOODS
57

THE BABY CLINIC

Conducted by Dr. J. W. S. McCULLOUGH

BEFORE THE BABY COMES

PROTECT YOUR baby's health in the nine months before he is born. To do this you must eat the proper food and keep yourself in good condition.

See your doctor or visit a baby clinic as soon as you know that you are pregnant, and visit your doctor once every month, taking with you each time a bottle of your urine for examination—the first passed in the morning. Report any of the following symptoms: vomiting, dizziness, spots before the eyes, swelling any place, bleeding from any orifice, fainting spells, headaches and constipation.

Choose foods which supply vitamins, minerals and building material. These include, for the day—a quart of milk, some whole grain cereal, vegetables and fruits both raw and cooked, some meat or fish or egg. Seafish is very valuable. Take four teaspoonfuls of cod-liver oil daily. Drink six to eight glassfuls of water each day. After the first four months, increase the food by one fifth. Have at least one movement of the bowels daily. Have a regular time for this.

Constipation during pregnancy is dangerous. Avoid it by the following plan: half an hour before breakfast take a glassful of water, either hot or cold, and a half glassful of some fruit juice. At breakfast take dried fruits such as prunes, apricots or figs; cooked whole-grain cereals with milk. Plan for a bowel movement ten minutes after breakfast.

For dinner and supper eat a green leafy vegetable, butter and salad oils, baked potatoes (eat the skins), and dried fruits for dessert. Add, now and then, slightly gas-forming foods such as beans, peas, onions and cabbage; molasses and honey; a salad of slaw, carrot-cabbage, apple-raisin, apple-celery or spinach-tomato; buttermilk.

Look after your teeth. Keep them clean and visit the dentist.

Go out of doors as much as possible. Get eight hours sleep with plenty of fresh air in your room. Rest for an hour after the midday meal. Take moderate exercise every day. Avoid lifting anything heavy. Wear loose clothing and low-heeled shoes; no garters. Hang your clothes from the shoulders. Take care of the nipples. You had better ask your doctor about them. ☆

Your Question Box

Question—I am forty-eight years old and my husband is fifty-five. After nineteen years we have no children. I have always wanted to adopt a child. Are we too old now to take a little girl of five or six?—Mrs. H. D. M., Red Deer, Alta.

Answer—If your husband is agreeable and you can find a child of good family, I should think it a fine thing to do. Such a child might be a great comfort as you get older. She would probably be married and have children in the lifetime of you both.

☆☆

Question—I was much interested in your article on St. Vitus' dance. My boy, when between five and six, had an attack, and now at twenty still has them. The last was not as severe as usual but it still affects his right hand. Please tell me what causes this disease and if there is any permanent cure. Do you think tobacco has anything to do with it?—"Bessie," N.S.

Answer—Cases of chorea are generally linked up with what is called a rheumatic diathesis, that is, a hereditary tendency to rheumatism. Usually five or six weeks in bed, with or without some sedative medicine to control the involuntary movements, will effect a cure. One occasionally meets with chronic or relapsing cases which run with remission of recovery for months and even for years, but in all cases the outlook is favorable. Sir Thomas Barlow, a famous English doctor, used to say: "Put the child to bed for six weeks on a good diet and he will usually get well." In the case of your son, I should have his throat examined to see if he has infected tonsils. Such are often associated with rheumatism. I doubt if the use of tobacco has any effect in causing chorea. I have seen adult cases, but the affection is essentially a children's disease. ☆

Naturally Merck Zinc Stearate is cause for cheers for it's the one powder you can depend on *absolutely* to prevent diaper rash and chafing irritation.

Dust it under baby's arms, between legs, into the soft folds and creases of baby's body. It is soothing and comforting. Important, too—it comes in a dainty pink and blue can with a self-closing top that prevents spilling.

Your druggist will tell you that the name Merck on any product is a guaranty of purity and reliability. Merck & Co. Ltd., Montreal, Que.

P. S. Waterproof *powder is grand for Daddy, too. It prevents chafing and ensures hot weather comfort.*

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Saves Time, Saves Fruit. Certain in Results

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BABY'S little "Tummy" is often easily upset. It is easily righted again, too, if you know just how to do it. Let Mrs. M. S. Alway, of London, Ont., tell you: "Baby's Own Tablets are a great help at the first sign of upset stomach, during teething time or when a cold is coming on. They work quickly yet gently to carry away poisons and promote quiet sleep. Walking floors at night is unknown in our home."

And Mrs. W. R. Sharp says: "I nursed my baby shortly after being alarmed over a motor accident and that upset her almost to the point of convulsions. I gave her Baby's Own Tablets and she soon stopped crying—went to sleep and when she awakened was her own good self again."

Equally effective for diarrhoea, colic, teething troubles, simple croup, constipation and simple fever. Sweet-tasting, easy to take, prompt in their action yet harmless. Analyst's certificate in every box. Buy a box today for sickness so often strikes in the night. 25 cents. Money back if not satisfied.

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Cardston—Model Millinery
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Nordegg—Big Horn Trading Co.
Ponoka—F. E. Algar Ltd.
Raymond—Raymond Mercantile Co.
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Standard—J. P. Hansen & Co.
Stettler—Sharpe & Page
Taber—Gruenwald & Bartram
Tofield—H. E. Rogers
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Kamloops—Hudson's Bay Co.
Kelowna—Ritchie's Dry Goods
Mission City—Des Brisay's Depart. Store
Nelson—Hudson's Bay Co.
New Westminster—W. S. Collister
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Oliver—C. D. Collen
Prince Rupert—E. M. Earl
Revelstoke—The Revelstoke Co-op've. Society
Vancouver—Frost's Dry Goods, 1544 Commercial Drive
Frost's Dry Goods, 6257 Fraser Street
Hudson's Bay Co.
S. S. Kresge Co. Ltd, 327 West Hastings St.
McKee's Ltd., 1409 Kingsway
Osborne's Kerrisdale Dry Goods, 2106 West 41st Ave.
David Spencer Ltd.
Woodwards Ltd.
Vernon—Hudson's Bay Co.
Victoria—S. S. Kresge Co. Ltd., 1100 Douglas St.
David Spencer Ltd.

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Brandon—The Doig Store Ltd.
Dauphin—People's Store
Deloraine—A. Dalrymple
Elkhorn—G. E. Bartley
Flin Flon—Hudson's Bay Co.
Glenboro—Frederickson & Co.
Killarney—R. C. A. Store
Minnedosa—R. C. A. Store (M. A. Clow)
Morden—Pitch Bros.
Morris—Morris R. C. A. Store
Notre Dame De Lourdes—X. Delaquis
Portage La Prairie—N. J. Prior & Co.
Roland—Byers & Wagar
Russell—A. Astbury
Selkirk—R. C. A. Store
Souris—Community Dry Goods Ltd.
Swan River—Eli Cox
Virden—The Fashion Shop
Winnipeg—The T. Eaton Co. Ltd.
Hudson's Bay Co.
S. S. Kresge Co. Ltd., 368 Portage Ave.
Metropolitan Stores Ltd., Carlton & Portage

NEW BRUNSWICK

Chatham—David Sadler
Dalhousie—Dalhousie 5c to $1.00 Store
Edmundston—John J. Daigle
Fredericton—Metropolitan Stores Ltd.
Zellers Limited
Moncton—J. D. Creaghan Co. Ltd.
Fergusson's Ltd.
Zellers Limited
Saint John—F. W. Daniel & Co. Ltd.
Manchester Robertson Allison Ltd.
Metropolitan Stores Ltd.
Zellers Limited
Sussex—The Sussex Mercantile Co. Ltd.
Woodstock—M. V. Estabrook

NOVA SCOTIA

Annapolis Royal—Price & Co.
Bridgetown—Strong & Whitman
Bridgewater—The Royal Store
Digby—The Royal Store
Halifax—The T. Eaton Co. Ltd.
Metropolitan Stores Ltd.
Zellers Limited
Kentville—Kentville Dry Goods Ltd.
Middleton—The Royal Store
New Glasgow—The Goodman Co.
Metropolitan Stores Ltd.
Zellers Limited
Oxford—Davis & Swan
Pictou—McDonald & Bethune
Westville—MacKenzie Bros.
Yarmouth—Yarmouth Royal Store

ONTARIO

Acton—Elliott Bros.
Alvinston—G. R. Whitton
Amherstburg—The Right Store
Arkona—Fuller Bros.
Arnprior—Walker Stores Ltd.
Aylmer—Durkee & Son
Walker Stores Ltd.
Ayr—E. Zehr
Beamsville—W. G. Panter
Belle River—Mrs. Viola Diesbourg
Belleville—S. S. Kresge Co. Ltd., 260 Front St.
Walker Stores Ltd.
Zellers Limited
Blenheim—The Shillington Co.
Blyth—Olive McGill
Bowmanville—Walker Stores Ltd.
Bracebridge—T. J. Anderson
Brantford—J. & M. Cairns
S. S. Kresge Co. Ltd.
London Silk & Woollens
J. M. Young & Co. Ltd.
Zellers Limited
Brockville—Leverette's
Brighton—J. H. Frise
Brooklin—A. B. MacDuff & Son
Brussels—F. R. Smith
Campbellford—J. A. Irwin
Cardinal—J. Jackson
Capreol—Alex Nepitt
Carleton Place—Walker Stores Ltd.
Chapleau—Collins & Matters Ltd.
Chatham—S. S. Kresge Co. Ltd.
Spencer Stone Ltd.
Chelmsford—R. Vaillancourt
Clifford—Roy Bonham
Clinton—A. T. Cooper
Cobourg—McIntosh Bros.
Cochrane—David's Variety Store
Collingwood—Walker Stores Ltd.
Coniston—J. S. Jean & Sons
Cornwall—Metropolitan Stores Ltd.
Walker Stores Ltd.
Delhi—H. Cunningham
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Dundas—Grafton & Co. Ltd.
Dungannon—Alton's
Dunnville—W. J. Griffith
Dutton—T. Hockin Co. Ltd.
Elmira—A. Winger
Elmvale—R. A. Cooper
Elmwood—John Clouston
Espanola—Goodman & Co.
Exeter—Jones & May
Fenwick—Archie Benallick
Forest—W. E. Freele
Fort Frances—The G. H. Ross Co.
Fort William—Chapples Ltd.
Zellers Limited
Galt—C. Wallace & Co.
Gananoque—Stunden's Flower & Gift Shop
Wright Dry Goods Ltd.
Glencoe—Hill's Cash Store
Goderich—F. E. Hibbert
G. W. Schaefer
Grimsby—The White Store
Guelph—S. S. Kresge Co. Ltd.
Walker Stores Ltd.
Hamilton—The T. Eaton Co. Ltd.
Federal 5c to $1.00 Stores Ltd., 265 Ottawa St., N.
Grinstead's Economic, 1121 Main St. E.
S. S. Kresge Co. Ltd, 45 King St., E.
The Right House
G. W. Robinson Co. Ltd.
J. Stewart Dry Goods, 449 Barton E.
Zellers Limited, 22 James St., N. 319 Ottawa St., N.
Hanover—E. F. Graff & Co.
Harrow—A. C. Cunningham
Hearst—West & Co.
Hensall—Hensall 5c to $1.00 Store
Huntsville—Wardell & Co.
Ingersoll—W. A. C. Forman
Walker Stores Ltd.
Iroquois Falls—Abitibi Power & Paper
Kemptville—Anderson & Langstaffe
Kenora—R. C. A. Store
Taylor's Ltd.
Kincardine—MacKenzie Bros.
Kingston—S. S. Kresge Co. Ltd.
Metropolitan Stores Ltd.
Kingsville—T. J. Salmoni
Kirkland Lake—The T. Eaton Co. Ltd.
S. S. Kresge Co. Ltd.
Kitchener—H. L. Albrecht
Canadian Department Stores Ltd.
S. S. Kresge Co. Ltd.
Macklin's, Queen St., N.
Metropolitan Stores Ltd.
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Leamington—S. Doupé
F. Paterson & Co.
Lindsay—A. O'Loughlin
Lion's Head—Greig & Hummel
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London—Metropolitan Stores Ltd.
Smallman & Ingram Ltd.
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Zellers Limited
Lucan—J. M. Ross Co.
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Millbrook—Fowler & Pendrie
Milton—Galbraith's Dry Goods Store
Milverton—J. Brunner & Son
Mitchell—T. S. Ford Co. Ltd.
Mount Forest—Walker Stores Ltd.
Napanee—McGregor's Store
Newmarket—H. M. Hooker
Niagara Falls—S. S. Kresge Co. Ltd.
Walker Stores Ltd.
C. Wallace & Co.
North Bay—Walker Stores Ltd.
Oakville—E. P. Lunau
Orillia—Walker Stores Ltd.
Oshawa—S. S. Kresge Co. Ltd.
Zellers Limited
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Cecil R. Duff, 695 Somerset St.
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Larocque (Reg'd) Dept. Store, Rideau St.
Murphy Gamble Ltd.
Zellers Limited, 156 Sparks St.
Owen Sound—Walker Stores Ltd.
Paisley—W. E. Theaker
Palmerston—F. T. Ashmore
Paris—J. M. Hall
Parkhill—J. M. Gibbs
Pembroke—A. J. Freiman Ltd.
Penetang—The W. M. Thompson Co. Ltd.
Peterboro—S. S. Kresge Co. Ltd.
Uptown Silk Shoppe
Zellers Limited
Petrolia—Feldman's General Store
Pickering—M. S. Chapman
Picton—G. E. Fraser Sons Ltd.
Plattsville—The J. B. English Co.
Port Arthur—S. S. Kresge Co. Ltd.
Zellers Limited
Port Colborne—L. E. J. Hopkins
Port Elgin—Schwartz-Barber Co.
Port Hope—Palmer's
Ridgetown—R. S. Brown & Son
Ridgeway—Dell's 5c to $1.00 Store
Rockland—Alex Mattar & Co.
St. Catharines—S. S. Kresge Co. Ltd.
Novelty Silk Shop
C. Wallace & Co. Ltd.
Zellers Limited
St. Jacob's—C. J. Trapp
St. Mary's—A. H. Lofft & Co. Ltd.
St. Onge—A. Latremouille
St. Thomas—J. H. Gould Ltd.
S. S. Kresge Co. Ltd.
Sarnia—S. S. Kresge Co. Ltd.
The R. Stirrett Co. Ltd.
Walker Stores Ltd.
Zellers Limited
Sault Ste. Marie—Craig's Depart. Store
S. S. Kresge Co. Ltd.
Seaforth—Stewart Bros.
Selkirk—D. W. Hillborn
Simcoe—Walker Stores Ltd.
Smiths Falls—S. Aboud
Smooth Rock Falls — Abitibi Power & Paper Co. Ltd.
South River—S. E. McGirr
Stirling—Miss Alice Fleming
Stratford—J. J. Crosier & Co.
S. S. Kresge Co. Ltd.
Strathroy — Strathroy Woollen Mills
Sturgeon Falls—J. W. Rochon
Sudbury—S. S. Kresge Co. Ltd.
Swastika—R. J. Vigrass
Tamworth—Haggerty & White
Tara—J. R. Van Dusen
Tavistock—E. Weitzel
Tecumseh—Mrs. E. Demers
Teeswater—Field's Variety Store
Thamesville—Hardy's
Tilbury—J. Courey
Tillsonburg—Metropolitan Stores Ltd.
Walker Stores Ltd.
Timmins—Z. J. Ostrowski
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Toronto—Armitage's, 2454 Danforth Ave.
S. C. Bowen, 625 Bayview Ave.
British Angora Wool Shops Ltd., 1078 Danforth Ave.
James H. Byers, 569 Danforth Ave.
T. E. Crane, 1038 Pape Ave.
Dixon's Dry Goods, 1232 Danforth Ave.
Dunn's Dry Goods, 1931 Gerrard St. E.
The T. Eaton Co. Ltd., Annex
The T. Eaton Co. Ltd., Yonge St.
Ewing's Dry Goods, 325 Jane St.
Fell's Dry Goods, 280 Avenue Rd.
A. Gotlib, 611 College St.
Grafstein's Silk Store, 278 College St.
S. S. Kresge Co. Ltd.:
2064 Danforth Ave.
535 Danforth Ave.
2458 Yonge St.
992 Bloor St. W.
2890 Dundas St. W.
1200 St. Clair Ave. W.
2040 Queen St. E.
572 Bloor St. W.
St. Clair Ave. & Vaughan Rd.
2322 Bloor St. W.
400 Yonge St.
179 Roncesvalles Ave.
Metropolitan Stores Ltd., 226 Yonge St.
Mrs. R. Pearce, 1090 Bathurst St.
R. A. Peglar, 1036 Gerrard St. E.
Richardson's Dry Goods, 996 Kingston Rd.
Shop-Well Stores, 1402 Queen St. W.
The Robt. Simpson Co. Ltd.
Tots' Toggery, 3315 Yonge St.
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604 Bloor St. W.
1010 Bloor St. W.
2519 Yonge St.
1844 Eglinton Ave. W.
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Grinstead's New Economic, 1223 Bloor St. W.
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Vankleek Hill—A. Poirier
Verner—J. A. Pilon
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Dean's Dry Goods
Waterford—Leo Lefler
Waterloo—Wettlaufer Bros.
Watford—A. Brown
Welland—The Ross Co. Ltd.
C. Wallace & Co.
Wellington—Wallace's
West Lorne—J. T. Lemon & Sons
West Monkton—Weber & Bettger
Wheatley—H. G. Hanson
Whitby—The Mercantile Dept. Store
Wiarton—W. G. Cheshire
Williamsburg—J. G. Woods
Winchester—Hy Bessin
Windsor—Bartlet, MacDonald & Gow
H. Gray Limited, 1733 Ottawa St.
S. S. Kresge Co. Ltd., 215 Ouellette
C. H. Smith Co. Ltd.
Wingham—H. E. Isard
Walker Stores Ltd.
Woodbridge—Mrs. Fred Bagg
Woodstock—Walker Stores Ltd.

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Amqui—G. A. Sinclair
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Ayers Cliff—A. H. Slack
Batiscan—Au Fil d'Argent, Mme. Henri Brunel
Bagotville—Le Bazar Limitée
Beauharnois—J. N. Marchand
Bedford—L. H. Langevin
Berthierville—D. Tessier
Bienville—E. E. Lemieux Ltd.
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Buckingham—McCallum & Lahaie
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Cap de la Madeleine—Mde. Jos. Lepine
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Causapscal—J. A. Lavoie
Chambly—A. Brien
Charny—Mde. L. P. Carrier
Chicoutimi—Mde. Henri de Moor
Chicoutimi West—Riverin & Perron
Coaticook—D. S. Bachand
Joseph Durocher
Cowansville—Ritz 5c to $1.00 Store
Danville—Joseph Coté
Drummondville—P. Languerand
Mde. G. Lemieux
Dunham—Milles. D. & J. Beauvais
East Angus—Mde. O. Bergeron
Farnham—Elphège Roy
Granby—J. O. Lamoureux
Grand'Mère—Markus Hanna & Sons
Grand St. Esprit (Co. Nicolet)—Mlle. Lucie Caron
Hull—J. Pharand
Iberville—Marie P. MacFarlane
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Kamouraska—Mme. J. P. Michaud
Knowlton—F. N. Williams
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Lachute—W. Banford & Son
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Lacolle—Mde. A. Landry
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La Reine (Abitibi Co.)—Jos. Dessureault
La Sarre—G. E. Lambert
La Tuque—Mde. E. L. Banville
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Lawrenceville—Claire Gervais
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Louiseville—Mde. J. H. Langevin
Magog—U. Gagné
Roberge & Frère
Makamik—P. D. Cossette
Malartic—Cleman Bros. Reg'd.
Maniwaki—Anastase Roy
Marieville—J. E. Bergeron
McMasterville—Emile Sirois
Montebello—Le Coin des Dames, Juliette Boucher
Mont Laurier—Mme. Alphonse Paquette
Montmagny—Eugène Bernatchez
Montreal—Au Bon Marché, 3200 Masson
Mlle. Juliette Beaudoin, 788 Jean-Talon West
G. Beauregard, 1208 Mount Royal E.
G. Beauregard, 6706 St. Hubert St.
G. Beauregard, 4285 Ontario St. E.
Mlle. B. Bergeron, 1864 Church Ave
R. Bergeron, 2516 Beaubien E.
J. A. Bruce & Co.:
1555 St. Catherine St. E.
3035 Notre Dame St. W.
1500 Mount Royal Ave. E.
A. Chapdelaine, 4270 Notre Dame W.
H. Chapdelaine, 1879 Ontario St. E.
Joseph Corbeil, 6500 St. Hubert St.
Dominion Remnant Stores Ltd., 3116 Masson St.
Dupuis Frères Ltd., 865 St. Catherine St. E.
The T. Eaton Co. Ltd.
Federal 5c to $1.00 Stores Ltd., 3912 Ontario St. E.; 6891 St. Hubert St.
Miles. J. & E. Godbout, 600 Jarry St.
Ant. Gosselin, 7058 St. Hubert St.
S. S. Kresge Co. Ltd.:
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6583 St. Hubert St.
5732 Sherbrooke St.
5647 Park Ave.
4025 Wellington St.
1679 Mt. Royal Ave. E.
Mt. Royal & St. Lawrence Blvd.
Victoria & St. Catherine Sts.
Mad. C. Landry, 932 Duluth St.
G. A. Langlois, 7556 St. Hubert St.
Jean Leroux, 2012 Rosemount Blvd.
A. L. Levasseur, 3673 Ontario St. E.
L. N. Messier Ltd., Mt. Royal & Fabre
Metropolitan Stores Ltd., 891 St. Catherine St. W.
G. Montpetit, 3565 Adam St.
Henry Morgan & Co. Ltd.
Paul Normandin, 373 Liege St.
Jas. A. Ogilvy's Ltd.
A. Pelletier, 7410 De Gaspé St.
T. Poissant, 6821 St. Lawrence Blvd.
Leo Rivet, 3917 St. Catherine St. E.
The Robt. Simpson Co. Ltd.
Singer's 5c to $1.00 Stores Ltd., 454 St. Catherine St. W.
Noranda—L'Economie-Mde. O. D. Fontaine
Notre Dame du Nord—J. P. Ranger
Plessisville—Mme. Vve. A. Michaud
Pointe-aux-Trembles—Jos Casaubon
Quebec—L. Bouchard, 760 St. Valier St.
T. D. Dubuc, 216 St. Johns St.
S. S. Kresge Co. Ltd. (all stores)
Metropolitan Stores Ltd., 205 St. Joseph St.
The Paquet Co. Ltd.
Syndicat de Québec, 225 rue St. Joseph
Zellers Limited, 228 St. Johns St.
Richelieu—Mde. René Lariviere
Richmond—H. Charpentier
Rimouski—H. G. Lepage, Enrg.
Riviere du Loup—N. Kirallah
Roc d'Or, Malartic—Mme. Rhea Legault
Ste. Agathe des Monts—H. Desjardins
St. Alexandre de Kamouraska—Roger Chamard
Ste. Anne de la Pocatiere—L'Union Agricole
Ste. Anne de Bellevue—G. Daoust & Cie
St. Barthelemi—Jos. Mercure
St. Cesaire (Co. Rouville)—Ernest Lanoie
Ste. Croix—J. H. Laroche
St. Denis sur Richelieu—A. Huard
St. Francois Xavier de Brompton—Mme. Yvonne Bachand
St. Gabriel de Brandon—J. M. Comeau
St. Genevieve de Batiscan—O. De Guise
St. Germaine (Co. Dorchester)—L. Giguère
St. Hyacinthe—Eugène Allaire, 88 Mondor St.
Mde. Zephyr Blanchard, 124 Cascades
Raoul Gaudet, 149 Cascades
Emile Laroche, 247-251 Cascades
St. Jerome—Le Bazar de St. Jerome, Enrg.
St. Johns—G. Beauregard
Melle. L. Carreau
St. Joseph d'Alma—Ernest Lapointe
St. Joseph de Grantham—Mde. N. Dion
St. Lambert (Chambly Co.)—Melle. M. L. Bourdeau
St. Laurent—Mme. B. Viau
St. Liboire—L. Z. Gosselin
St. Lin—Antonio Morel
Ste. Marie de Beauce—Mlle. B. Vachon
St. Pascal—Chapleau & Fils
St. Remi—La Maison L. P. Lazure
St. Robert—Mme. Adelard Paquin
St. Roch de L'Achigan—Mme. Armand Labrèche
Ste. Thérèse de Blainville—Mme. Romeo Chabot
St. Zephirin—E. Lahaye
Scotstown—Oscar Fillion
Senneterre—Mde. A. N. Beaulieu
Shawinigan Falls—M. Ayoup
J. A. W. Matteau 5c to $1.00 Store
Sherbrooke—Metropolitan Stores Ltd.
C. O. Saint Jean Ltd.
Zellers Limited
Sorel—Charles Arpin
J. Leon Ferron
Sutton—R. J. Buckle
Taschereau—Mde. Achille Bergeron
Thetford Mines West—Emile Mailhot
Temiskaming—Canadian International Paper Co., Retail Store
Three Rivers—J. L. Fortin
S. S. Kresge Co. Ltd.
Zellers Limited
Thurso—W. Thomson & Sons
Val d'Or—S. Shrank (East-West Dry Goods)
Valleyfield—La Compagnie Dion Ltée.
Mde. Fabiola Houle
Verdun—Dominion Remnant Stores Ltd., 3835-37 Wellington St.
5001 Wellington St.
Victoriaville—J. E. Roberge
Waterloo—D. Girard
Windsor Mills—Jos. Coté
Yamachiche—J. D. Villemure

SASKATCHEWAN

Admiral—H. Elliott
Assiniboia—The Red & White Store
Avonlea—McRorie Bros.
Biggar—Hock & Packer
Bruno—A. P. Schwinghamer
Climax—J. E. Gryde Ltd.
Estevan—Phillips'
Fleming—E. J. Parker
Grenfell—Jas. Irving
Herbert—A. M. Brownstone
Humboldt—Brusers Limited
Kinistino—The Gift Shop, Mrs. Mae Horton
Lloydminster—The Lloydminster Co-operative Association
Manketa—Cameron's Store
Maryfield—Maryfield Trading Co. Ltd.
Melaval—N. H. Johnson & Son
Melfort—Melfort Grain Growers' Association Ltd.
Melville—Lercher, Kanee & Sler Ltd.
Mervin—Cox Bros.
Moose Jaw—S. S. Kresge Co. Ltd., 212 Main St., N.
Joyner's Ltd.
Nipawin—P. Kent
North Battleford—Gay's
Piapot—Bowles Ltd.
Prince Albert—M. & C. Williamson
Qu'Appelle—Hamblin Bros.
Radville—J. Shibley
Regina—S. S. Kresge Co. Ltd., 1911 Eleventh Ave.
R. H. Williams & Sons Ltd.
Rosthern—Friesen & Co.
Saltcoats—E. B. Smith
Saskatoon—The T. Eaton Co. Ltd.
S. S. Kresge Co. Ltd., 221-21st St. E.
Metropolitan Stores Ltd., 117 Second Ave. S.
Spiritwood—L. N. Vey
Shaunavon—Hugh Stevenson
Smeaton—Manville Stores Ltd.
Swift Current—The W. W. Cooper Co.
Tisdale—Tisdale Supply Co.
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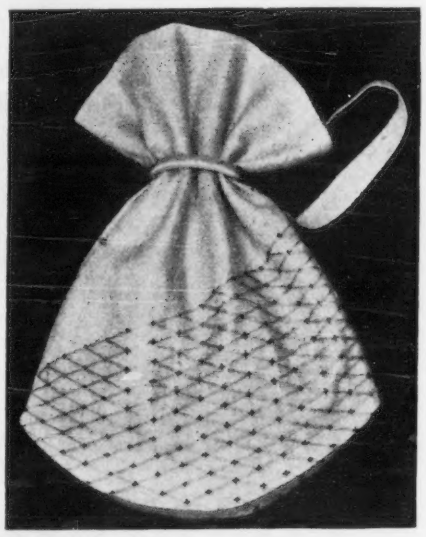
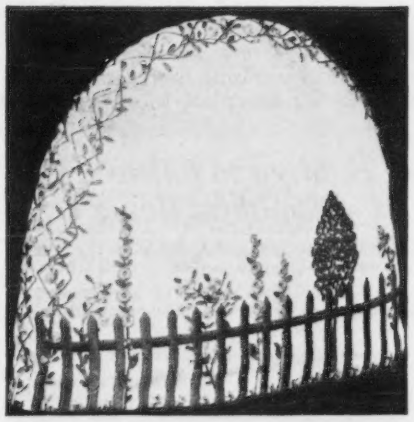
C671—Sweet yet gay is this most colorful luncheon set (top)—the flowers and circles in blue, rose, mauve and orange appliqué, and the leaves, stems and scallops worked in green. Stamped on fine white, pale bisque, green or yellow linen, the 36-inch cloth with four serviettes, appliqué and cottons for working, price $1.75.

C672—Above—"Reception" pillowcases and towels in cross stitch. You will simply be charmed with this Old Colonial design—and it is so quickly worked. The pillowcases are stamped on finest circular, linen-finished cotton, 36 x 42 inches, price $1.25 per pair; and the towels are of finest white linen huckaback, 18 x 30 inches, price $1.00 per pair. Cottons for working either pair come to 10 cents.





C673—Something different and really smart in a shopping or work bag. Stamped on heavy, deep écru crepe linen, complete materials — including lining, cottons for working (please state two colors desired) and wood ring—price $1.00; stamped on fine art felt in black, brown, navy or medium green, price $1.25.

C678—"Rose Arbor" tea cosy. Full size, stamped on white, cream, ivory, green or yellow linen, it is priced at 55 cents; stamped on silk taffeta in black, midnight blue, old gold or olive green, it is priced at 95 cents. Cottons for working come to 25 cents, and a from costs 45 cents.

C674—Monogram cushion; **C675** "Scotty" standing; **C676** "Scotty" sitting up. For usefulness, real comfort and hard wear, there is nothing like these small cushions in art felt—for living room, verandah or car. Stamped on art felt in red, orange or medium green—"Scotties" in black appliqué and monogram to be worked in black (please state initials). Front and back for cushion 12 x 15 inches, with appliqué and cotton for working, are priced at 75 cents, and forms can be supplied at 35 cents each.

As an Editor Sees it—

by BYRNE HOPE SANDERS

Our Exciting Fiction Scoop CONSIDER ALL our trumpets blaring a welcome to our most exciting serial, by our most distinguished contributor. Toot-toot-toot for "Nothing Begins Today" by I. A. R. Wylie, which begins in reality in the September issue. More toots for the fact that this writer is among the top-flight women authors of the day You've all seen her work in headline attractions in all the big magazines on the continent. Toot-toot again for her many novels—all of them ranking successes. And a fanfare for the fact that her work is so vitally interesting that Hollywood has grabbed many of her stories for important films. Remember the poignant "Four Sons?" Or the dramatic "Vivacious Lady?" Or the hilarious "Young in Heart?" They are only three of a long line of brilliantly successful movies.

A new triumph awaits Miss Wylie in the publication of her latest novel, "Nothing Begins Today." You'll find yourself in a thrilling sequence of adventures moving from the stage life of London, to the struggle for existence in "the stately homes of England"; from the Sino-Japanese War areas to the tensions of modern English life. Whatever happens, don't miss the September issue and the first installment. After that, I can leave you to the story-telling genius of Miss Wylie—and the "Oomph" of Biff-Janey, the saucy young musical comedy star, who centres most of the excitement.

★

What a Woman Often Feels I DOUBT if any man would enjoy "Keep Yesterday Forever," even though it is by that brilliant short story writer, Gladys Taber. Most men would probably dismiss it by saying that no woman would be so dumb. But then I think that few men have any idea of the romantic mental lives most women live, although they seem to be dealing with their daily chores with dispatch and serenity. I suppose no woman's story turns out as she thinks it will. The first twenty-five years of the average girl's life are concerned in the main with dreams of her future. The second twenty-five—even though occupied with a bewildering mass of detail—are filled with more dreams. Maybe for herself. Certainly for her family. The last twenty-five are spent remembering—what? The reality—or the dreams? Gladys Taber in her Caroline, has created a woman who is symbolical of many thousands of homemakers on their unsuccessful days. We all have them—days when we cannot cope with the ordinary course of our family life. These human stories are proving so popular that we have many more of them planned. Stories about people like yourself and your neighbors. "Wonderful for the Children," in our July issue, was the type many, many, of you greeted with delight.

★

Carolyn Damon On the Warpath SOME THINGS make Carolyn mad. This month she begins her article on "Put Color In Your Life," by rampaging around in this fashion. "If someone refers to you as a nice little thing," she says, "you have every right to sue him. Better still, punch him on the nose" . . . then, of course, follow Miss Damon's advice for righting the matter immediately. It might, however, be best of all to study this article on color and personality first—and then dare anyone to feel you're colorless and drab. The only difficulty is, as I told Miss Damon, that it's a hard choice for a woman to make—that of deciding whether she will flame like a hibiscus flower, or glow steadily like an evening star, at the next bridge party. The latter sounds more comfortable somehow. But it would be fun to flame, hibiscuslike!

★

Coming! CAN I squeeze in a note about Elise Singmaster's intensely dramatic picture of a trans-Canada railway trip, and the varied stories behind one group of people on a "Journey Home?" The feature article, "Canada's Meanest Racket," will appear as will the vigorously interesting portrait of Queen Mary—described in her usual newsy style by Mollie McGee. A good issue, my friends!

These Summer days serve Fish!

Cold Fish Loaf

1 pound (2 cups) any flaked fish
2 cups soft bread crumbs (rather fine)
2 eggs, beaten
¾ cup milk
⅛ teaspoon pepper
½ teaspoon salt—some fish require more
1 tablespoon finely minced onion or onion juice
1 teaspoon lemon juice

Remove the skin from the fish, crush the soft bones and use with the oil and flaked fish. Mix all the ingredients and place in a greased loaf tin, dot with butter, and bake in a moderate oven (350°F.) for ¾ of an hour, or until the loaf is firm and browned. Chill and serve. Serves 8.

WHEN the humidity is high . . . when the long Summer day has sapped their energy . . . let the family enjoy the refreshing treat of a tasty Fish supper.

In a cool salad . . . with the fresh vegetables of the Season . . . Canadian Fish and Shellfish are simply delicious!

Nourishing, too . . . and wonderfully good for the children. And the kiddies like the change . . . the new, fascinating, easy-to-prepare dishes . . . the summer snacks, or picnic sandwiches of Fish. You'll wonder where on earth they got such appetites!

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